

TWENTY YEARS

JUNE 29, 1953

KOREAN WAR
A Balance Sheet

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



PLANEMAKER KINDELBERGER
After a Mustang roundup, a Sabre dance.



1953 Studebaker Commander V-8 Starliner hard-top convertible. White sidewall tires, chrome wheel covers—and glare-reducing tinted glass—optional at extra cost. Actual color photograph.

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New 1953 Studebaker

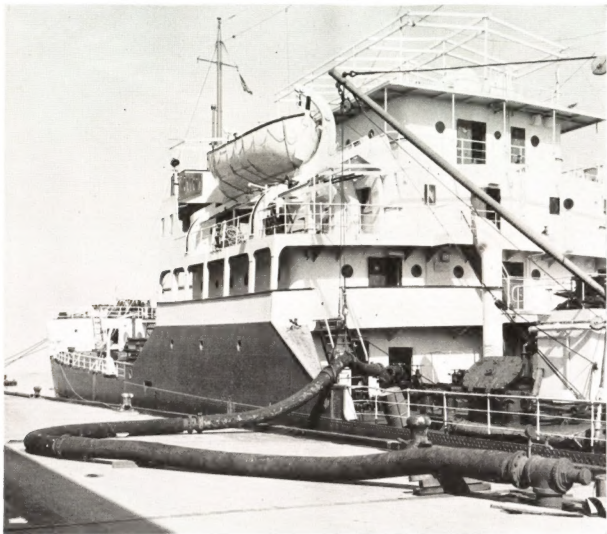


The 1953 Land Cruiser V-8. Like all other '53 Studebakers it offers Automatic Drive or Overdrive at extra cost.

RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Rubber rushes molasses in January

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

Cows like it and give more milk when molasses is added to their feed. It helps fatten cattle, too, so millions of gallons are needed every year.

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This saving from longer life of rub-

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B.F. Goodrich

RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY

LETTERS

What's Happening?

Sir: ... What in heaven's name is happening in this country? Is every editor and everybody—not excluding McCarthy's nonstop idiocies and Eisenhower's latest fiasco in the tactless gift of a pistol to General Nguib—hellbent on the suicidal lunacy of showing just how cheap and silly we can be? ...

HUGH R. SHELDON

Piedmont, Calif.

Sir: Your [May 25] articles about the Churchill-Attlee attacks on the U.S. were very interesting. Although as an American I was greatly flattered that another nation should dominate its parliamentary podium with debates on our Constitution, a far more intrinsic item kept stealing in between the lines: the memory of a man with an umbrella returning from Munich in 1938.

W. C. HELLER

Rome

Sir: Re the [June 8] letters of C. C. McKinnon and Philip R. Stephenson: Who are these British subjects who feel they have the right to criticize our President? President Eisenhower had every right to offer the hand of friendship to a man [General Nguib] whose only crime seems to be that he possesses the courage to tell the almighty British where to get off ...

ELIZABETH A. FOX

Bayonne, N.J.

Sir: ... Why do you print a letter like A. A. Marshall's of Toronto? ... It has my blood boiling. So he "knows America very well"? And he's "damned if Clement Attlee's speech didn't hit the nail on the head ..."? I think Mr. Marshall is an ignoramus ... and I hope that his sentiments are not shared by most Canadians ...

RUTH ROWLEY

Philadelphia

The Coronation

Sir: Why ... the big old fuss made over the coronation in the U.S.? I am sure that England did not go wild over our inauguration ...

(A/2c) E. B. WHEELER

Robins A.F. Base, Ga.

Sir: Your excellent coverage of the coronation sets new standards of high-level reporting, with the best of historical and political perspectives added for good measure. We share the happiness of a close neighbor who is throwing a swell shindig ... We strongly suspect the drinks—and possibly the cats—are on us, so we may be pardoned if we view the proceedings with a jaundiced eye, [but] remembering always that our neighbor has lost much more than money in fighting two wars that were ours as well as his own—even before we got into them. So we doff our hats and raise our voices in enthusiastic salute: "God Save the Queen!"

ARTHUR T. GRANT

Philadelphia

Right in Their Element

Sir: "Titanium, the wonder metal, is even lighter and stronger than magnesium" (TIME, June 8). To those of us who know and love

the metal magnesium, it nearly broke our hearts to see you put it in the heavy weight class of metals. We would like to point out that titanium is approximately 2½ times as heavy as magnesium. We still believe that magnesium is the lightest of all structural metals.

J. S. KIRKPATRICK
President

The Magnesium Association
New York City

The Company He Keeps



William Fondren, Colonel
140th Tank Battalion

Sir: Please allow me to correct a statement made in the May 18 issue of your widely read magazine. I am not commanding the 140th Tank Battalion, only Company A of the 140th Tank Battalion. The battalion commander is Colonel

GEORGE S. PATTON
Captain, Armor, U.S.A.

c/o Postmaster
San Francisco

Q TIME's thanks to Captain George S. Patton IV for setting its treads straight. For a view of Colonel Fondren just after returning from a sharp firefight at the front see *CHI*.—Ed.

3-D & Kindred Gimmicks

Sir: In the 3-D cover story and your speculation as to "how real can movies be" (TIME, June 8), you neglect a mention of the "feelies," [Aldous] Huxley's prophetic description [in *Brave New World*] of what civilization will be satiating itself on in some future popcorn bazaar. The feelies could not only be seen, smelt and heard but they could be "felt" with the aid of knobs attached to the arms of the viewer's chair. Thus a passionate kiss will become a personal sensation and a painful blow will become a source of masochistic satisfaction ...

ROBERT W. POPELKA

Bloomington, Ill.

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Sir:

Hollywood can proceed to the ultimate in cinematic realism by using a hemispherical screen and central projector (as in a planetarium), by using an annular lens (as sometimes used on submarine periscopes), which presents a doughnut-shaped picture to the eye (or camera) covering 360° around the horizon, and practically to the zenith. This picture, projected back through the same type of lens, would recreate the original scene; the camera could project downward from the center of the theater, and could include two such lenses in a polarized system on a common axis for 3-D; also the vibrating prism system of *Citizen Kane* for all-in-focus effect ... A few problems remain (beside the presently unsolved flicker effects, etc., emphasized by 3-D), such as—which is the best way offstage? Into a subterranean cavern below the camera, or over the horizon, or behind the nearest hill or building? ...

CHARLES C. LITTELL JR.

Dayton

Sir: Can't help but express my disgust for Artzybashoff's picture on the June 8 cover. It was way below ... the usually good products of his pen and brush.

(REV.) FREDERICK J. BECKA, M.M.
Maryknoll, N.Y.

SIR:

CONGRATULATIONS FOR YOUR WONDERFUL REPUTATIONAL JOB ON 3-D, BIG SCREEN, ETC. I WOULD LIKE TO CORRECT, HOWEVER, THESE SOMEWHAT MINOR ERRORS: DR. JULIAN GUNZBURG IS NO OPTICIAN BUT AN OPHTHALMOLOGIST WHOSE CHIEF ACTIVITY AS AN M.D. IS EYE SURGERY; THE 3-D EXPERT ... WHOM YOU QUOTE AS SAYING THAT THE FIRST 3-D PICTURES WERE PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A 4-INCH INTEROCULAR, IS IN ERROR. MOST NATURAL VISION EQUIPMENT USES APPROXIMATELY A 3-INCH INTEROCULAR, SOME 2½.

M. L. GUNZBURG

NATURAL VISION CORP.
LOS ANGELES

Sir:

... "A certain amount of eyestrain appears almost inevitable." It is definitely not inevitable, and there is good reason to believe that watching 3-D movies, properly photographed and properly projected, is easier on the eyes than watching a conventional "flat" or 2-D movie ... Before a meeting of our society ... Reuel A. Sherman, Bauch

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& Lomb's occupational vision specialist, declared that various forms of 3-D have been used since 1895 for therapeutic and visual training purposes, and he predicted that technically good 3-D movies will have a profoundly beneficial impact on vision.

JOHN A. NORLING
Chairman

Committee on Stereoscopic Motion Pictures
Society of Motion Picture and TV Engineers
New York City

Sir:

"A certain amount of eyestrain appears almost inevitable" is the understatement of the week. In 2-D movies, eyes point at the screen and focus on the screen... 3-D techniques demand that the human turn his eyes inward, much nearer than the screen for which he is focused. Then he has a choice of letting the picture blur, seeing the object double, having nausea, dizziness or "eyestrain," or staying away from 3-D.

HOMER HENDRICKSON
Optometrist

Temple City, Calif.

Sir:

"... You can well imagine my dismay in seeing not only myself described as a "pitch-man," but the whole subject of the motion picture industry's new dimensional developments presented with an air of erudite decision... The motion picture industry is in a critical phase, and it is true that there is a certain amount of groping at this stage of its progress. Uncertainty is characteristic of any institution, old or industry at a time of upheaval or radical change. On the other hand, 20th Century-Fox has completed two pictures, *The Robe* and *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, in the new CinemaScope medium, and moreover we have shown scenes from both pictures to... thousands of... persons, both here and in Europe, who are versed in the technical aspects of... motion pictures. In not a single instance was there an expression of opinion that was lacking in respect for CinemaScope as a technical advancement... We are [also] completing the production of two other CinemaScope films [and] will soon commence production on nine more... This represents an expenditure of approximately \$50 million..."

When *Time* electrified the publishing world by coming out with a new type of journalism... it was committed to take an enormous moral and financial gamble. It took great courage... to... give the public something new and enlightening. With CinemaScope we faced a similar problem...

Your story deliberately dismissed the subject with glib levity and disparagement... Such a treatment is not only calculated to do great harm to the motion picture industry, but it tends to prejudice millions of motion picture fans in advance against an important development long before it reaches the theaters where the public can judge for itself...

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir:

Orchids for the 3-D article and its satirical take-off on Hollywood's last stand to drain the public's inflated dollars to the decadent, demoralizing industry's coffers...

GEORGE ROBERT DUNBAR

Palo Alto, Calif.

Old Hickory Switch

Sir:

With reference to the June 1 item on the death of Andrew Jackson IV, great-grandson of President Andrew Jackson: Andrew Jackson "IV" was my mess sergeant in World War I, and I seem to remember that he explained his name to me as some adoption,

saying that he was not a lineal descendant of the seventh President.

I have always understood that Andrew Jackson had no children.

R. J. LONGSTREET

DeLand, Fla.

Reader Longstreet (a lineal descendant of Confederate Hero General James Longstreet) is right. His old mess sergeant was the descendant of Andrew Jackson Jr., who was adopted at birth by Old Hickory and his wife Rachel.—Ed.

Whose Inhumanity to Whom?

Sir:

So Hans Klose... has been inconsiderate enough to ask the British for the staggering sum of \$14,286 damages for his false arrest (*TIME*, June 1), and from a hard-pressed nation which spent \$5,500,000 to crown its Queen.

Klose might have fared better in the time of [Cromwell's] protectorate...

CATHERINE GIBERT

Greeley, Colo.

Sir:

"... If this is justice, British style—WELL!!..."

PEGGY O'NEILL

East Longmeadow, Mass.

Sir:

Man's inhumanity to man continues, and you tellingly show... that the British are not behindhand in beastliness...

JOAN HANSEN

New York City

Sir:

In your coronation-preview number, published in England and for all I know elsewhere, you have, opposite a portrait of the Queen, six paragraphs on "The Case of Hans Klose"... I have only one thing to tell you: If [the story] is true, we should have brought it out in the open and repented in sackcloth and ashes; if it is not true, you should never have printed it. And anyway, you should not have printed it without names and chapter and verse. Did the American Army of occupation make no mistakes either? The whole writing of it is vicious, ending with: "No one really knew, and no one much cared." On the whole, the British and the Americans are the kindest races, and this was a vicious thing to do...

What was your possible excuse for publishing it?

F. TENNYSON JESSE

St. John's Wood, London

Author-Playwright Jesse (*A Pin to See the Peepshow*) is reminded that *TIME* is a newsmagazine.—Ed.

Sir:

"... It was very human to dedicate nearly half a page to this poor German fellow. But did they (the Germans) ever ask what happened to the thousands of innocent Jews and other human creatures in German concentration camps? A few really knew and very few cared."

MARION ANITA HAASE

São Paulo, Brazil

End of the Line?

Sir:

I read with interest your June 8 article, "Memories Before Birth?" With psychiatry entering into all phases of human life, psychological gobbledygook has finally reached the end of the line. *Et tu, Freud?*

SIDNEY MERLIS, M.D.

Central Islip, N.Y.

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Otto Fuerbringer

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Your music editor must be tone-deaf
 What's your curiosity for saying
 You were sure wrong about
 Who says that reggae/musica is a symptom of
 No more hard rock nonsense as... New Wave, HME...
 Great stuff, Mike!
 Why don't you give the Labor Party credit for

There is a provocative passage in *The Folks at Home*, latest book by Margaret Halsey (*With Malice Toward Some*). It is: "... The word 'communications' is misleading. 'Communication' in the dictionary sense means a two-way exchange. But who ever argues with a movie? Who talks back to TIME and LIFE? To assume that nobody wants to is taking too much for granted."

I agree that it would be taking too much for granted, I have always assumed that everybody wants to talk back to TIME—and does. Many of you frequently talk back, in your letters, in person, and in other ways. And we hope that you will go right on doing so. We are listening.

Without listening—to thousands of people every week—TIME's correspondents, researchers and writers could not hope to report the news with any degree of authority. At the same time, they are also listening to what is being said about TIME, its news coverage, its editorial judgments and its stand on important public issues. I am sure TIME's editors share with me the frequent experience of being launched into long discussions about TIME—both at the office and away from it. Not long ago, for example, I was a guest on

the television program *Youth Wants to Know*, where a group of high-school students subjected me to some of the most searching questions about the meaning and motives of journalism that I have ever encountered.

At least one member of TIME's staff currently has a full-time job of personal communication. He is John Scott, about whom I wrote you in this space last year (Oct. 6). He speaks before college audiences and groups of businessmen.

Scott discusses world events, but he also explains some of TIME's beliefs about journalism. He probably experiences more back-talking from the people he meets than anyone else on TIME's staff. The students are usually most outspoken, challenging him with such questions as: Is TIME objective? The answer: TIME has certain basic

convictions, as well as a sense of obligation to evaluate the news in the light of these convictions. We have seen an similar approach being shared by an increasing number of people who deal with the news. One recent example is an editorial in Palmer Hoyt's *Denver Post*, which said: "The pure factual objectivity which most newspapers have sought has often been a will-o'-the-wisp. . . . Who, what, where, when and why no longer answer all the questions. 'What does it mean?' is an important question that newspapers will try, increasingly, to answer."

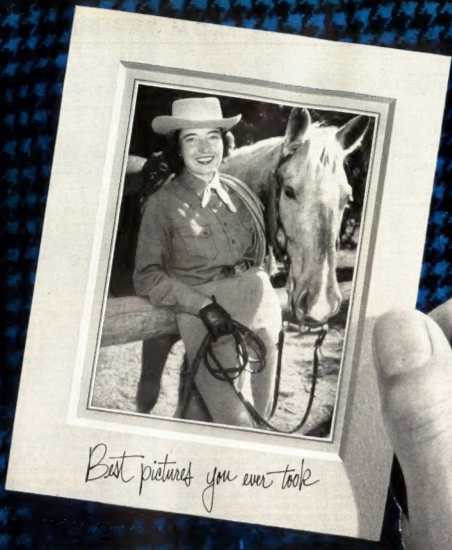
A related question that Scott is often asked: Does TIME's interpretive journalism usurp the reader's right to do his own thinking? That could be answered most simply by referring to the letters through which many of you talk back to TIME, and in which you clearly exercise the right to do your own thinking. The answers to your letters, written by members of TIME's Letters department, make it evident, I hope, that TIME does listen hard to what you have to say. Every week, the Letters department distributes, to the staff, a mimeographed summary of the mail that reaches us, called the TIME Letters Report. Because the Letters section in the magazine has space for only a limited number of letters, the ones you send us, this report is compiled to give TIME's staff a better idea of what our readers are writing. TIME's editors read the Letters Report avidly.

There is one other way of communicating with TIME that is immensely important to us—one that shows up in our circulation statistics. We are happy to report that the statistics show approval. More people are currently reading TIME than ever before. One recent issue, in the week of Feb. 23, reached an alltime high of 2,180,000 copies sold around the world.

You can see, then, that millions of people talk back to TIME, in one way or another. We want them to keep on talking, and we promise to continue listening attentively.

Cordially yours,

James A. Liner



60 seconds after you snap the shutter,
lift out a beautiful
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Model 95

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The People's Week

East and West, from within and without, news crashed upon the U.S. last week. There was something almost primitively different in the pattern of events. World news is usually government news. Last week it was the people, the nameless millions, who gave the news its dominant impulse.

In Korea, the people were 27,000 anti-Communist Koreans let free from prisoner-of-war stockades (see WAR IN ASIA), and mobs of students and workers who shouted against the truce that the U.N. favors. Defiant Syngman Rhee led these people, releasing the prisoners, organizing the anti-truce demonstrations. But Rhee, wisely or unwisely, spoke what his people felt. The P.W.'s slipping out of captivity, the white-clad civilians clamoring hysterically, were a reminder that many Asians know and fear Communism as deeply as anyone in the West. The U.S. was so accustomed to rousing other nations to awareness of the Communist danger that it came as a shock to find a people charging it with gullibility and softness toward Communism. No easy solution of the Korean mess was in sight. The U.S. had fought a war without a will to victory, and from that lack sprang snarl after snarl that might hurt U.S. prestige and influence among Asian peoples for years to come.

Shouts of Anathema. In East Germany, the newsmaking people were workers who poured from their tenements onto the streets, shouting anathemas at Communism and defying Red army tanks with stones (see INTERNATIONAL). Like the Koreans, they were jolting proof of a fact that the free world's leaders seem all too reluctant or timid to act upon: the people who have suffered Communism hate it passionately. They are not necessarily afraid to rise up against it. East German rebellion against Communism seemed to give the anti-Communist world its greatest opportunity—and challenge—since the cold war began.

At home, the news was the final days of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Two years ago, their trial and its shocking revelation of espionage made Page One stories but evoked no public displays of emotion; the long series of legal appeals and the Communist propaganda

for their release became items of routine news.

The foreign press, which spoke of a "hysterical" U.S. public demand to execute the Rosenbergs, could hardly have been more wrong. Then Justice William O. Douglas granted his strange stay of execution. With that, the Rosenberg case



Horace Bristol—Black Star
SYNGMAN RHEE
A reminder from Asia.

finally got to the U.S. people—but not in the way that the "free the Rosenbergs" propaganda had intended. Without hysteria, but with an evident feeling that the Rosenbergs had been fairly convicted and sentenced, the people seemed to approve the Supreme Court decision, ending the confusion and doubt created by Justice Douglas.

Lost in the Shuffle. In 1953, at least 35 criminals were executed before Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. The day before they died, 129 U.S. soldiers were killed in history's worst plane crash in Japan. They were returning to Korea to help defend the embittered Koreans against the great conspiracy that the Rosenbergs had served. No picket lines formed for the 129. They, too, were of the people, who get lost in the shuffle of statecraft, and who now and then emerge in their courage, their long-suffering patience and their strength.

ESPIONAGE

The Last Appeal

It was Monday, the last day of judgment before the U.S. Supreme Court recessed for summer vacation. It was also, or so it seemed, the last hope before the bar of justice for Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. For the sixth time, the mousy little engineer and his wife, waiting in Sing Sing's death house, had petitioned the highest tribunal, this time for a stay of execution and review of their trial. For the sixth time, a majority of the nine Justices rejected a Rosenberg appeal.

Across town at the White House gate, hundreds of picketers marched with pro-Rosenberg placards; opposing demonstrators carried signs that read "Kill the Dirty Spies." A stream of mail from every quarter of the globe flowed to the President's desk. The Red campaign to "save the Rosenbergs" may have inspired the pleas, but many of them came from non-Communist clergymen and scientists, from liberals and humanitarians, from those who thought it had politics to let the Communists have "martyrs" for their propaganda. At the focus of pressure, Dwight Eisenhower did not flinch.

Then, as the clock ticked on toward 11 p.m. Thursday, the hour of death for the spies, Supreme Court Justice William Douglas acted alone. Unexpectedly, the court having recessed for the summer, he granted the stay of execution that the full court had denied. That touched off, within the next 24 hours, one of the most dramatic and novel episodes in all the august annals of the U.S. Supreme Court.

Two "Interlopers." On Tuesday morning, while most of his fellow Justices were packing their vacation bags, Douglas had listened in his chambers to two sets of lawyers: the Rosenbergs' regular counsel, and a couple of earnest, frenetic newcomers to the case, Fyke Farmer of Nashville and Daniel Marshall of Los Angeles.

The newcomers won Douglas' ear. They were an interesting pair. Farmer, 51, a well-to-do corporation lawyer, an Episcopalian and a Yaleman, gave up his legal practice about five years ago, devoted himself to the cause of world government, is suing the U.S. Government for recovery of two-thirds of his income tax because the two-thirds are used for war purposes. Marshall, 50, a Roman Catholic and equally a crusader, mostly for liberal causes (against restrictive racial covenants in real-estate deals, for Negroes in

the Los Angeles Bar Association, etc.), is described by his wife as a "lifelong Franklin Roosevelt Democrat."

Both Farmer and Marshall got interested in the Rosenbergs through correspondence with a professional soapbox orator and left-wing pamphleteer, Irwin Edelman of Los Angeles. Technically hired as counsel by Edelman, who claimed legal status as a "next friend" of the Rosenbergs, the two lawyers developed a special argument. Its gist: the Rosenbergs were wrongly sentenced under the Espionage Act of 1917, which allows the judge to fix the death penalty; they should have been sentenced under the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, which provides the death penalty for atomic espionage only when a jury so recommends.

Months ago, when Farmer and Marshall

Then Douglas rushed off to a vacation in Washington.

A Swift Countermove. He was only as far as Uniontown, Pa. when, on Wednesday night, word reached him of a swift countermove initiated by federal Attorney General Herbert Brownell. On Brownell's petition, Chief Justice Fred Vinson had ordered an immediate (noon Thursday) sitting of the Supreme Court to rule on Douglas's order. At the appointed hour, all the nine Justices were in their chairs. Douglas had flown back to the capital. Even the big, red-draped, air-conditioned, crowded court chamber had felt the impact of events. Cleaning crews had already battened it down for the summer under mothproof dust covers; they had hurried back and labored all Wednesday night to remove the dust covers again from seats,

"I'm not maintaining we're not ready," he said loudly. "I'm anxious to get up before the bar and argue."

Justice Robert Jackson wanted to know if "Next Friend" Edelman was once involved in a vagrancy case before the court. Marshall banged the stand with his fist. "Let's get this straight," he shouted. "It was a free-speech case." He pointed at Jackson. "It is improper to call it vagrancy . . . shocking." Chief Justice Vinson leaned forward with calming advice: "Don't let your temperature rise . . ."

Fyke Farmer, far less pyrotechnical than Marshall, stuck safely to his argument that the Rosenbergs were sentenced under the wrong law. Chief Rosenberg Counsel Manny Bloch was needed by the bench for his belated urging of Farmer's new point of law. "I now adopt it as my own," he said, but he wanted at least a month to prepare adequate argument.

Then came the turn of Bloch's co-counsel, New Yorker John Finerty, an old hand at celebrated cases (he argued for Sacco and Vanzetti, aided Tom Mooney). Finerty assailed the judgment against the Rosenbergs as "fraud" arranged by a "crooked" prosecution. Rebuked by the court, he retorted: "If you lift the stay [of the execution], then . . . God save the U.S. and this honorable court . . ."

The Seventh Decision. Next day (noon Friday) Chief Justice Vinson read the majority decision, the court's seventh action on the Rosenberg case. "We think further proceedings . . . are unwarranted. A conspiracy was charged and proved . . . the Atomic Energy Act [of 1946] did not repeal or limit the provisions of the Espionage Act [of 1917]. Accordingly, we vacate the stay entered by Mr. Justice Douglas . . ." Concurring with Vinson were Associate Justices Harold Burton, Tom Clark, Robert Jackson, Sherman Minton, Stanley Reed. Against were Justices Douglas and Hugo Black. Justice Felix Frankfurter could not make up his mind.

Justices Jackson and Clark read fuller opinions supporting the majority view. Main points:

¶ "The Constitution . . . prohibits passage of an ex post facto act." To try the Rosenbergs for crimes committed in 1944 and 1945 under the Atomic Energy Act of 1946 would be an ex post facto procedure.

¶ "The Atomic Energy Act, instead of repealing the penalty provisions of the Espionage Act, in fact preserves them in undiminished force."

Justice Douglas in his dissent admitted the Government's contention that it "would have been laughed out of court" if it had attempted to indict and try the Rosenbergs under the 1946 law. Douglas insisted, however, that the sentencing procedure of the 1946 law was the only one that could be applied to the case. He said: "Where two penal statutes may apply . . . the court has no choice but to impose the less harsh sentence . . . I know deep in my heart that I am right . . ."

At the White House, Dwight Eisen-



N.Y. Journal-American—International

THE ROSENBERGS

By the most solemn judgment of U.S. courts.

tried to sell their point of law to Rosenberg Chief Counsel Emanuel Bloch, they were put off and ignored. When last week Farmer and Marshall submitted their arguments to the federal district court at New York before Judge Irving Kaufman, who had passed sentence on the Rosenbergs, Kaufman rebuked them as "intruders . . . interlopers . . . reckless in . . . charges as to verge on contemptuousness . . ." But Associate Justice Douglas was impressed by the arguments of Farmer and Marshall.

Far into Tuesday night, Douglas stayed on in his Supreme Court office. On Wednesday morning his decision was announced, stunning the legal world; an indefinite stay of the Rosenbergs' execution. The Farmer-Marshall argument, he ruled, raised a new point of law that should be carefully weighed in the lower courts. "It is . . . important," he wrote, "that before we allow human lives to be snuffed out we be sure—emphatically sure—that we act within the law . . ."

table, the long bench and the nine black chairs.

The Government's argument was simple: The Rosenbergs' atomic espionage was carried out in 1944 and 1945 before the passage of the Atomic Energy Act, and therefore they had been properly tried and sentenced under the 1917 Espionage Act. The Government did not question the authority of Justice Douglas to order a stay of execution. But it urged that the stay be promptly rescinded.

Oratorical fireworks, unusual for the high tribunal, came from the Rosenberg lawyers.

Dan Marshall grabbed the counsel's stand with both hands, rocked back and forth like an evangelist, as he raised the new point of law. He wanted more time to develop the issue. He doubted if even a justice of the peace would call "the meanest pimp" before the bar on such short notice. Suddenly, from his seat in the back, Fyke Farmer jumped up. He disagreed with his colleague Marshall.

hower, as he had done last February, again turned down a plea for clemency. Said he: "This case has aroused grave concern both here and abroad in the minds of serious people, aside from the considerations of the law. I can only say that, by immeasurably increasing the chances of atomic war, the Rosenbergs may have been condemned to death tens of millions of innocent people all over the world . . . When democracy's enemies have been judged guilty of a crime as horrible as that of which the Rosenbergs were convicted, when the legal processes of democracy have been marshaled to their maximum strength to protect the lives of convicted spies, when in their most solemn judgment the tribunals of the U.S. have adjudged them guilty and the sentence just, I will not intervene in this matter."

Last Scene

The stay of execution won from Douglas and lost in the Supreme Court (see above) gained less than a day of life for the Rosenbergs. The hour of death was moved from 11 p.m. Thursday to 8 p.m. Friday in order to avoid an execution on the Jewish Sabbath, which begins at sundown on Friday.

Julius entered first into the presence of the ugly, brown-stained oak chair. As he walked through the glaring light of Sing Sing's white-walled death chamber, the three newsmen allowed as witnesses noted that his mustache had been shaved off, that he wore a white T shirt, and that his feet were shod in cloth slippers. The prison chaplain, Rabbi Irving Koslowe, intoned the 23rd Psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want . . ." Just before the chair, Julius seemed to sway. Guards quickly placed and strapped him in the seat, then dropped the leather hood over his face. Three shocks of 2,000 volts each flung his body convulsively against



LAWYERS MARSHALL & FARMER
Sensational success, and then failure.

its bonds. Listening with stethoscopes to the heart under the T shirt, attending doctors pronounced Julius Rosenberg dead.

The body was gone only a few minutes when Ethel Rosenberg entered the chamber. She wore a dark green print dress with white polka dots. Cloth slippers were on her feet, too, and her hair had been cropped close on top for the electrode's contact. The rabbi intoned the 11th Psalm: "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?" Just before the chair, the prisoner shook hands, then impulsively brushed a kiss on the cheek of a matron accompanying her. She sat down with taut composure, wincing only slightly as the electrode was applied to her head. The mask fell. Three shocks coursed her body. The doctors still heard a faint heartbeat. They stood back, and Ethel Rosenberg was given two more shocks. Then she was pronounced dead.

The Demonstrators

The executions touched off wild scenes and wilder words around the world.

In New York City's Union Square, barricaded by police, a crowd of 5,000 took its cue from prompters on a sound truck, wept through the time of electrocution, sang *Go Down, Moses*, abused President Eisenhower as "bloodthirsty," shouted a pledge to carry on the work of the Rosenbergs until "we have created a world of peace and beauty."

In Washington, a mixed crowd, cheering and sobbing, milled around the White House. The Rosenbergs' counsel, Emanuel Bloch, rallied against the U.S. Government: "Much more barbaric than the Nazis . . . We are living under a military dictatorship garbed in civilian clothes . . . I don't know what animals I am dealing with, but I am convinced I am dealing with animals . . ." Later, at the Rosenbergs' funeral in New York, Bloch vented more bitterness: "Insanity, irrationality, barbarism and murder seem to be part of the feeling of those who rule us . . . I

place the murder of the Rosenbergs at the door of President Eisenhower, Mr. Brownell and J. Edgar Hoover . . ."

Abroad, the Red-inspired demonstration raged on raucously. *MURDER*, ran the headline in London's *Daily Worker*. Thousands of Britons roamed their capital's West End, yelling anti-American slogans.

The anti-execution sentiment was strongest in France, where the U.S. Government point in the Rosenberg case is not understood by one citizen in 100. (From 1946 to 1950, France had a Communist, Frederic Joliot-Curie, at the head of the atomic research program.) France's non-Communist daily, *Combat*, even objected to the scheduling of the execution to avoid the Jewish Sabbath. *Combat* called this "sadistic puritanism." In Paris, a mob tried to storm the heavily guarded U.S. embassy in the Place de la Concorde; a man was shot and a thousand rioters arrested. There were echoes of the violent hate-America drive from Australia's dock-sides to Dublin's streets.

Red propaganda masters had called this violent tune. But most Europeans who danced to it were not Reds, and those who danced in ignorance could largely blame their non-Communist press and leaders. The details of the Rosenbergs' crime and their painstaking, patient trial by U.S. justice were meagerly reported in the foreign press.

What They Did

In 177 years of U.S. history, the Rosenbergs were the first native-born Americans to be executed by order of a civilian court for espionage. Sentencing them in April 1951, Federal Judge Irving Kaufman stigmatized their crime as "worse than murder."

The crime had ideological roots. Children of East European immigrants who settled in Manhattan's lower East Side, both Julius Rosenberg and his future wife Ethel Greenglass took to Communism in their adolescent years. In so doing, they



JUSTICE DOUGLAS
A stunning decision.

rejected the Jewish faith of their parents (a sore blow to Julius' father, a garment worker who yearned for his son to be a rabbi). So ardent was 19-year-old Ethel's devotion to the cause that she began indoctrinating her 13-year-old brother David. Then she found a comrade and a beau in Julius, two years her junior and an electrical engineering student at City College of New York.

They were married; World War II was under way, and Julius was working as a civilian engineer for the Army's Signal Corps (a good spot for spying on East Coast defense plants) when his Communist Party membership came to the attention of Army authorities. He was dropped from the Signal Corps. But he became more valuable than ever to Moscow. He went underground. He became part-owner and operator of a Manhattan machine shop. But secretly he ran an apparatus of spies and informants who passed scientific and technical data to Russian agents, including Anatoli Yakovlev, a clerk in the Russian consulate at New York.

The most precious, and most damning, piece of information came in 1945 from Ethel's younger brother David Greenglass, then employed as a machinist in the supersecret atomic bomb laboratory at Los Alamos, N. Mex. Ethel had used older-sister cajolery, and Julius had given money ("Money is no object," Julius had said, explaining that it came from "friends") to persuade David and his confused wife Ruth to join the treasonable conspiracy. Later, Yakovlev conveyed the commendation of his masters in Moscow for Greenglass' sketches: "Extremely excellent and very valuable." At the Rosenberg trial, a U.S. atomic expert, examining a duplicate sketch drawn by Greenglass, testified that it showed the atom bomb substantially as perfected. And he meant the improved wartime A-bomb, the implosion type used at Nagasaki.

The Greenglasses finally confessed their part in the treachery. So did Harry Gold, the courier who transmitted to Yakovlev the Greenglass A-bomb data (he also passed on information from Britain's Klaus Fuchs). There were other corroboratory witnesses. But the Rosenbergs denied all, though confession might have won them a lesser sentence, through the three weeks of their 1951 trial and through two subsequent years of appeal and judicial review. In prison, Ethel sang folk songs, and such melodies as the aria *One Fine Day* from *Madame Butterfly* and *John Brown's Body* (also the tune of *Solidarity Forever*).

Fanatic to the end, the Rosenbergs lent themselves to Communist hate propaganda against the U.S. Though apostates from Judaism and sentenced by a Jewish judge, they helped to portray themselves as victims of anti-Semitism. They called David Greenglass a liar who implicated them to save himself. Ethel Rosenberg, who pleaded for compassion, had none for the brother she had led into her crime: "I once loved my brother," she said, "but I'd be pretty unnatural if I hadn't changed."

POLITICAL NOTES

The Missouri Traveler

One evening last week, a black Chrysler Imperial sedan rolled up in front of a motel in Decatur, Ill. The driver, a middle-size, friendly sort of fellow, and his wife checked in quietly, but a reporter was soon on their trail. Even the cost of their dinner (\$1.72 for two) and the size of the tip (35¢) were carefully noted. Harry Truman granted that he and Bess were not having much luck traveling "incognito."

About lunchtime the next day, the ex-President of the U.S. turned his car into the driveway in front of a brick Tudor house in fashionable North Indianapolis.



TOURIST TRUMAN
Harry ranks with Tom and Dick.

Ind. Frank McKinney, Indiana's top machine Democrat, and his wife Margaret greeted their old friends. The Trumans went in, washed up and sat at the McKinney's dining-room table for lunch (melon-ball cup, breast of chicken on ham, asparagus, stuffed oranges, hot rolls, black currant preserves, strawberry angel pie).

Well-fed, and beaming with good humor, Harry Truman met the press, felt the cloth of a reporter's cord suit and allowed as how he had one just like it. A reporter wanted to know what he had to say about rumors that McKinney might be called back as Democratic national chairman. "I'd be in complete agreement," said Truman. "Frank's the best chairman the party ever had." Then, as if he suddenly realized that this would not be sweet music to the unhappy ears of Democratic National Chairman Steve Mitchell, Truman tried (with little success) to make it sound better. Said he: "Of course the present chairman was duly elected, and all that."

Was he for Adlai Stevenson for President in 1956? Truman replied that he has

"no candidate" right now, but "when the time comes, I'll make my sentiments known." But he did have a ready formula for 1956: "I hope the party will nominate a Democrat who can be elected easily. If we do that, we'll have no trouble."

Having spoken, Harry Truman slipped behind the wheel of the Imperial. Bess got in the front seat beside him, and they rolled on east. A day and a half later the ex-President, in shirtsleeves, drove up in front of the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C. It was the Trumans' first return to the capital since they left on Jan. 20, and they just wanted to "have a good time" before pushing on to Philadelphia and New York. Would Truman see President Eisenhower? No, said Harry. "He's too busy to see every Tom, Dick and Harry that comes to town."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Three Ambassadors

Diplomatic appointments of the week: ¶ To be Ambassador to Brazil, succeeding Herschel Johnson: James S. (for Scott) Kemper, 66, Chicago insurance executive and onetime (1944-46) treasurer of the Republican National Committee. ¶ Kemper, who climbed from a clerkship to be head of seven companies which together form the Kemper group, one of the world's largest casualty and fire insurance groups, is a bluff, bustling, self-made businessman. He has long been interested in Pan American amity, helped found the Inter-American Council of Commerce and Production, has been decorated by Brazil and Ecuador. Kemper belongs to the conservative wing of the G.O.P., did yeoman work for Ike's campaign in the Midwest.

¶ To be Ambassador to Norway, succeeding Charles Ulrick Bay: L. (for Lester) Corrin Strong, 60 (Washington, D.C. banker), a modest, hard-working administrator with long experience in Government service and international relations. A reserve colonel, Strong during World War II was chief of the liaison branch of the Army Service Forces' international division. He came back into the Government in 1947 as chief of the ECA Loan Division, joined the Ike-for-President forces in 1951. He and his wife are personal friends of Crown Prince Olav and Princess Martha of Norway. Strong's appointment was held up for 3½ months because of security investigations into reports that he had been socially acquainted with Alger Hiss.

¶ To be Ambassador to Portugal, succeeding Carmerman Cavendish Cannon: Colonel M. (for Meyer) Robert Guggenheim, 68, head of the copper-rich Guggenheim clan. A heavy contributor to the Eisenhower campaign. Bob Guggenheim is a noted Washington party-giver whose invitations are valued for the lavishness of the entertainment. His Rock Creek Park mansion has its own organ, swim-

* Not to be confused with James Madison Kemper, Kansas City insurance executive and a Democrat.

ming pool and bowling alley. A reserve colonel, he rose from private to major in World War I, was kept out of No. 11 by a heart murmur. He likes to sport the ribbons of the Silver Star and the Purple Heart in the lapel of his dinner jacket. Guggenheim says that as a boy he had three ambitions: to win the English Derby, to marry a pretty woman and to be Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. He never won the Derby, gave up trying years ago. His fourth wife, Polly, is blonde and pretty, and while Lisbon is not London, it's still an ambassadorship.

TAXES

The Patient People

After feeling the U.S. taxpayers' pulse, Pollster George Gallup last week announced a reading: a majority of the people are willing to wait for tax cuts. Gallup asked voters whether they approve of President Eisenhower's plan to extend the excess profits tax from July 1 to Jan. 1. Results: 55% approve, 17% disapprove, 28% have no opinion. When asked whether they would settle for a cut in individual income taxes on Jan. 1 instead of July 1 "to help balance the budget," the taxpayers showed even more patience: 59% said Jan. 1 would be O.K., 29% wanted a cut now, 12% had no opinion.

A Measure of Privacy

Since 1933, a Wisconsin law has permitted anyone to inspect any citizen's state tax return, including his income from investments, his contributions to charity, his deductions for support and medical services, etc. In Madison last week, Governor Walter Kohler signed a bill restoring some measure of privacy to state taxpayers. Hereafter, anyone willing to ante up a \$1 fee may learn the total tax paid by any individual or corporation, but the taxpayer's actual return, and consequently his specific income and deductions, will no longer be open to inspection.*

DEFENSE

Somber Warning

Ever since his days as the first Secretary of the Air Force, Missouri's Stuart Symington, now a U.S. Senator, has been calling for greater U.S. air power, and warning against cuts and cutbacks in Air Force appropriations. Last week, on NBC's *Meet the Press*, Symington gave the U.S. people his most somber warning yet.

Newshen May Craig of the Portland (Me.) *Press Herald* led off by asking Symington for an estimate of current Soviet strength.

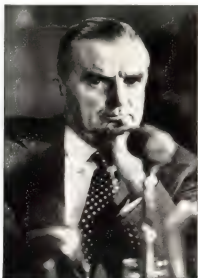
Symington: They have a very great air force, not only a defensive air force but an offensive air force. And any time from here out, many people think they also

have enough atomic bombs to attack the U.S.

Mrs. Craig: What defense have we got against them? Could we stop them if war began now?

Symington: A recent study that I saw showed that under ideal conditions, 20% of their attacking bombers could be shot down by our present defenses. Under conditions not considered ideal, as, for example, night or low-level attack, we would shoot down about .01% of what they sent over . . .

Lawrence Spivack, one of the M.C.s of *Meet the Press*,* threw Symington another question: "Senator, you have said over and over again that if the American people knew the truth they would demand



Michael Koguen—Life
SENATOR SYMINGTON
Cutbacks & consequences.

more air power . . . What truth do you know that they ought to know?"

Symington: Well, I think they might know that . . . with the premise that the Russians have enough atom bombs to make the attack—and certainly nobody questions that they'll have those bombs within twelve months—then, under the condition that the bombs are properly placed, the first attack would destroy at least one-third of our industrial capacity and kill around 13 million people.

As the program drew to a close, Symington was asked what he and other air-power advocates would do if they failed in their efforts to override Defense Secretary Wilson's plan to cut \$5 billion from 1954 Air Force appropriations. Said the Senator: "We're just going to keep on trying to give the American people the facts about the American air force as compared to the Russian air force. We may lose this battle, but we won't lose the war. If we do lose the war, then we've lost the country."

* For less somber news of another *Meet the Press* M.C., see below.

THE CONGRESS

Voices Across the Aisle

Speaker Joe Martin stepped down from the rostrum into the well of the House one afternoon last week to make one of his infrequent speeches. He urged his fellow Republicans to vote for the \$4.9 billion foreign-aid bill approved by the House Foreign Affairs Committee. Martin said, with a glance toward his Midwestern colleagues, that he believes in economy but that some grave mistakes can be made in its name. Said he: "Security is more precious than dollars . . . Let us take the leadership that God has placed in our hands and use it wisely for the benefit of humanity . . . Let us give Dwight Eisenhower a chance to prove his merit."

Across the aisle, the Democrats' "Mr. Sam" struck the same note as his old friend Joe Martin. Aid-Speaker Rayburn: "If we could . . . help prepare those who stand with us so that they could resist, even though it took \$5 billion . . . every year for the next ten years, if we could thus prevent a war . . . it would be the greatest investment the people of the United States ever made."

The combined voices of Joe Martin and Sam Rayburn did it. The House passed the bill (280-108), after voting down a whole series of attempts to cut it. Sam Rayburn's side of the aisle did the most to "give Dwight Eisenhower a chance." Of the 280 votes for the bill, 160 were cast by Democrats, 119 by Republicans and one by an independent. The opposition votes came mostly from Midwestern Republicans and Southern Democrats.

As it stands, the bill calls for \$4.7 million less than the Eisenhower Administration requested, and \$2.6 billion less than Harry Truman proposed. Before Congress is through, the total may be cut further, by slashes in specific appropriations bills.

Last week the House also

¶ Passed (363-35) and sent to the Senate a bill extending the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act for one year. At the President's request, the bill also sets up a 17-member commission to explore the whole subject of foreign economic policy.

¶ Passed and sent to the Senate a bill appropriating \$5.2 billion to run the Veterans' Administration, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Selective Service System during the next fiscal year. This is 18% less than the Truman Administration requested and 6% below the Eisenhower Administration's request.

¶ Whooped through a bill allowing Congressmen to deduct from their income tax, as business expenses, all the money they spend to live in Washington (such deductions are now limited to \$3,000 a year). In the same bill, for economy's sake, they took away the Cadillac of Capitol Architect David Lynn, who has been a Government employee for 51 years.

The Senate:

¶ Passed the Administration bill to give 1,000,000 tons of Government-owned wheat (bought for \$80 million under the

¶ The appetite for minding other people's business is even stronger in Sweden, where personal income taxes are made public and where a private company publishes a widely read annual register giving the incomes of all families with more than \$1,000 a year.

price-support program) to Pakistan to alleviate famine there and surplus here. This is the first of several moves to give away surplus wheat before the new wheat-acreage quotas are established next month. If enough is given away, the Department of Agriculture will not have to impose such stringent acreage controls on wheat farmers.

¶ Passed and sent to the White House the conference-approved bill extending the physician-dentist draft for two years, exempting any who have served on active duty for as long as 17 months since Sept. 16, 1940.

¶ Passed and sent to the House the "exploding sweater bill," banning shipment of highly inflammable clothing in interstate commerce.

The Course of Empire

The frontier is gone but for the sons of the pioneers the instinct lingers on. To the desk of Nebraska's Senator Hugh Butler came the letter of a 14-year-old constituent. "I've written the Bureau of Land Management to inquire about buying property on Venus," it said. "I received the reply that it had no authority to give ownership. Therefore, I am asking you to write a bill. Something which would in the Senate further my interests. I am neither joking nor have I read too much science fiction. It appears that colonization of the universe is going to commence soon." Senator Butler promised the young spacesteader first consideration when & if the celestial land rush takes place.

FOREIGN RELATIONS Striking Reversal

The world's giveaway traffic (in money, grain, etc.) generally runs one way—out of the U.S. Last week there was a striking reversal. The government of Burma, through its embassy in Washington, donated \$10,000 to the American Red Cross for relief of U.S. tornado victims.

COMMUNISTS

Aloha Shirt Set

In Hawaii last week, Jack Hall, regional director of Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, five other aloha-shirted defendants and the wife of one of them were

McCARTHYISM: MYTH & MENACE

In mid-1953, the coincidence of new administrations in Washington and Moscow creates a host of urgent questions. The Korean truce crisis opens ill-defined opportunities and painful threats in the struggle for Asia; the European alliance creaks with strain; riots and strikes in East Germany call for a sharper U.S. policy toward West Germany; at home, a new defense budget is tossed about in fuzzy controversy; new Government policies toward taxes, business, farming, labor are on the national agenda.

Amid this immense pressure for decision, public discussion in the U.S. is dominated by one issue: McCarthyism. Abroad, among its strongest allies, public discussion of the U.S. is almost monopolized by McCarthyism.

The Flattering Obsession. The American who reads newspapers, listens to the radio or talks public affairs with his friends does not need to be told how all-pervasive the McCarthy topic has become. McCarthyism in Europe may be more surprising. There, Senator Joseph McCarthy is the second-best known of living Americans and regarded by many as the most powerful. McCarthyism has cost the U.S. billions spent to promote international cooperation and trust and to advance U.S. leadership.

With the British, especially, McCarthyism is an obsession—a delightful, self-flattering obsession that salves the bruised British ego with the balm of moral superiority to the upstart Americans. The more McCarthyism can be exaggerated in its evil or its power, the more it fascinates the British.

A former Prime Minister can indulge himself by wondering out loud whether McCarthy or Eisenhower is the more powerful. The anti-American *New Statesman* & *Nation* finds in McCarthyism the thickest stick it ever brandished. Hardly anyone in Britain laughs when the *New Statesman* says: "The Hitler-McCarthy analogy is disturbingly apt." It goes on with a typical distortion of McCarthy's power, finding him in alliance with "powerful interests in contemporary America," including "a substantial part of American Roman Catholicism" and "many American industrialists." The *New Statesman* smugly concludes: "It is anti-Communism that binds these social forces together. It is a deep social malaise that finds the same outlet in anti-Communism as that which so many Germans found in anti-Semitism."

At the other end of the spectrum of British opinion stands a passage in the Queen's coronation speech (composed presumably by the greatest living ghostwriter, Sir Winston), which plays to British emotions on McCarthyism by heavily emphasizing British liberties. Said the Queen: "There has . . . sprung from our

island home a theme of social and political thought which constitutes our message to the world . . . Parliamentary institutions with their free speech and respect for the rights of minorities and the inspiration of a broad tolerance in thought and its expression—all this we conceive to be a precious part of our way of life and outlook." While there will never be a bad season for praise of Britain's contribution to the history of liberty, this passage was

taken as another criticism of McCarthyism in America—and was meant to be so taken.

The specter of the U.S. in the grip of a hysterical witch hunt, of the President cowering before McCarthy's power, bears only a specter's relation to reality. But it is the specter that flashes instantly to the British mind (and less vividly to the French and German) when America is mentioned. Americans can recognize the runaway inflation in the European myth of McCarthyism. But the myth itself was first pumped up in the U.S., and in the U.S. today McCarthyism is more myth than man—but not the less dangerous for that. The reputation of power, even an originally false reputation, begets power.

A Dubious Service. The aura of invincibility that now surrounds McCarthy owes something to Senator McCarthy himself, not a man to discourage reports of his own prowess. But the McCarthy myth was not created by parthenogenesis. It was busily fertilized not only by McCarthy, but by one

notable group of McCarthy's enemies: the apologists for the New and Fair Deals.

Long before McCarthy was a national figure, evidence began to accumulate of how deeply the U.S. Government in the 1930s and '40s had been penetrated by Communists and their sympathizers. The scornful cartoons of the '30s, showing nervous "reactionaries" looking under the bed for Reds, lost their humor as one ex-Communist after another told his shocking story. There were, in sober truth, Reds under the bed—and not only under it. Emerging and increasing evidence of this was politically embarrassing to the liberal wing of the Democratic Party.

When the McCarthy evangel began in 1950, the liberals saw in his distortions and exaggerations a chance to divert attention from the bedroom scene. They began to construct the myth of McCarthy's great power and his menace to liberty.

It was not easy to inflate McCarthy to his present proportions of a national and international figure. Unlike most demagogues, he has no glittering, positive program; he does not deal in promises. He is conspicuously devoid of organizing ability or any flair for latching on to existing organizations. It is still hard to find



Scott Long—Minneapolis Tribune
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC VIEWS

found guilty of Communist plotting to overthrow the Government. The verdict brought to 51 the number of U.S. Reds convicted under the Smith Act.

In protest, Bridges' I.L.W.U. men quickly began walking off jobs. A dozen ships were tied up at Hawaiian docks, two others sailed without full cargoes. Trucks were abandoned by union drivers on the highway, and mill workers quit their machines.

The trial, longest and one of the most controversial in Hawaii's history, lasted 7½ months, during which time 83 witnesses gave more than 3,500,000 words of testimony. The jury of Americans of Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiian and Caucasian strains took only 16 hours to arrive at a guilty verdict.

any significant McCarthy following, either in the Senate, or among political or business leaders, or among the people. A recent Gallup poll indicates that less than 22% of the U.S. public think that McCarthy does more good than harm. The rest either have no opinion or think that he does more harm than good.

The 22% who think he does more good than harm are indebted to McCarthy for helping them to keep up with the news. The evidence of Communist influence (95% of which was drawn out by investigators other than McCarthy) was not very difficult to understand. But apparently millions did not understand it until McCarthy restated it (and often misstated it) for them.

McCarthy's dubious service to the 22% who needed his tutelage accounts for less than half the McCarthy myth. The rest of it was supplied by the New and Fair Dealers who set out to prove that this cunning opportunist was the reincarnation of Torquemada, Huey Long and Hitler.

Origin of a Myth. His cooperative enemies concentrated their efforts to prove McCarthy's power in the Maryland senatorial election of 1950. Senator Millard Tydings had criticized McCarthy: Tydings, after 24 years in the Senate, was beaten; ergo, McCarthy the Mighty beat Tydings the Good.

This was the key syllogism of the McCarthy myth. In 1951, the Fair Dealing New York Post, in a series on McCarthy, said: "Joe McCarthy hasn't caught any spies. But he can claim credit for the political death of at least one man. . . . It is clear that McCarthy defeated Tydings." This line came to be accepted far outside the originating circle of McCarthy's Fair Deal enemies. Later, liberal commentators expanded this to say that McCarthy eliminated six other Senators who opposed him. A man who can defeat seven U.S. Senators is a power, and thus McCarthy's aura of invincibility began. By the end of 1951, the myth of McCarthy's power had reached the point where even journalists with no ax to grind had to cover McCarthy closely and seriously.

Now signs appear that even some liberals look askance at the myth they helped to create. A recent issue of the Nation warns: "It is a mistake . . . to keep the spotlight focused on McCarthy: this is what he wants his opposition to do." In the New York Post, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., co-chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, tried to deflate the myth at the point of origin. Wrote Schlesinger: "The record shows . . . that the notion of McCarthy's invincibility is largely legendary. He certainly cannot be credited with the defeat of seven Senators . . . McCarthy conducted a vigorous campaign against Tydings in 1950. But the strong probability is that Tydings would have

LABOR

Reason for Delay

One day last week an unheralded delegation of visitors slipped in the back door of the White House to talk to Dwight Eisenhower. In the group were New Jersey's H. Alexander Smith, chairman of the Senate Labor Committee, Pennsylvania's Samuel K. McConnell Jr., chairman of the House Labor Committee, Ohio's ailing Robert A. Taft and Secretary of Labor Martin Durkin. On their minds: amendments to the Taft-Hartley law.

The White House conference was the quiet beginning of a new phase in the effort to get some action on the labor law. President Eisenhower told his visitors that he wanted a good law, accept-

able to both management and labor. That was a mighty big order. For weeks Presidential Counsel Bernard Shanley and Labor Department men have been struggling with technical language, trying to find words to express the Administration's position so neatly that Congress will pass a package White House bill. Unless the Administration's proposed bill is carefully drawn, Congress may start pulling it apart with wholesale changes proposed by left and right.

This attempt to work out a bill that will please or almost please everyone is the chief reason for delay in charting the Administration line on Taft-Hartley changes. The clear prospect this week: there will be no congressional action on the labor law until next year.

been beaten anyway . . . The Connecticut case is even clearer. In 1950, McCarthy campaigned against [William] Benton, and Benton won in what was a generally tough year for the Democrats. In 1952, McCarthy made Benton almost his chief campaign target, [and] Benton ran a considerable margin ahead of Stevenson."

The Deadly Parallel. So a start has been made toward cutting the McCarthy myth down to size. Before that job is finished, it will need more than rueful second thoughts of liberals. President Eisenhower will have to deal again and again with McCarthyism, which is a major liability to Eisenhower's foreign policy, his domestic policy and his party. Only an exaggerated fear of McCarthy's power could account for such disgraceful episodes as the delay in the appointments of Mildred McAfee Horton and David Shillinglaw on the ground that they had belonged to organizations that McCarthy may consider subversive. Eisenhower will have to eliminate that kind of paralyzing fear from his Administration.

McCarthyism has a parallel in modern history, and it is neither Hitlerism nor Huey Longism. In the late '20s and early '30s, Prohibition monopolized public discussion in the U.S. and luridly colored the European view of American life. An overwhelming majority of the U.S. people came to recognize that Prohibition was a mistake—but before Repeal in 1933, the opponents of Prohibition had exaggerated its evil effects as widely as the most fanatic Drys had exaggerated the evils of drink.

Prohibition was such an all-pervasive issue that it shut off discussion of problems that turned out to be far more important. Prohibition polarized Congress, dominated the 1928 election, absorbed the White House, obsessed the press and smothered discussion of other grave questions of the Coolidge-Hoover period. The yatter over Prohibition died with Repeal. In 1953, the responsible leaders of the U.S. will not get public discussion back on the most important issues until they extinguish the McCarthyism debate by an equivalent of Repeal. Since serious people can hardly believe that Communism influences the present Administration, much ground is already cut from under McCarthy's feet.

The U.S. had traitors and conspirators in the 1930s and '40s, and previously it had Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr, too. Public debate has long since passed over A for Arnold and B for Burr. The time seems to have come when C for Communist Infiltration may also be considered a lesson mastered. If so, the U.S. may be able to pass on to D for Defense and E for Enterprise.



Reg Manning—Arizona Republic
CABINET VIEW

THE CAPITAL

Let 'em Eat Garlic

When Martha Rountree beckons, big people in Washington come running. As mistress of ceremonies of the television show *Meet the Press*, Florida-born, belle-like Martha controls a precious segment of Sunday evening air for which politicians yearn as the hart panth after the water-brooks. Last week Martha had a party, the gaudiest since Marie Antoinette opened at the Trianon, or at least since the night when a foreign ingredient got into Mrs. Murphy's chowder.

The occasion was the first anniversary of Martha's marriage to Oliver Presbrey, a New York advertising executive. Millionaire Clendenin Ryan, who would like to be governor of New Jersey, footed the bill as a belated wedding present for

to make room for a full-scale, club-car set, modeled after that on the Pennsylvania Railroad's *Congressional Limited*. The Pennsy, blushing with pleasure, supplied standard lounge-car chairs from the *Congressional*, along with the road's finest glassware and all the other trappings. At the last minute someone noticed that the club car had no Pennsy rug. Executives of the railroad found they had none in Washington storage. Miss Rountree's friends knew what to do about that: they threatened to get a rug from the B. & O. Harried Pennsylvanians stripped a rug from a car standing in the Washington yards, and the club-car set was complete.

Martha's basement garage was made over into The Snake Pit, Washingtonese for the dark and cozy Mayflower Hotel cocktail lounge,* where lobbyists and politicians meet when the sun gets low. An

to pose for a picture with Miss Kerr. McCarthy snapped: "You know we don't pose for that kind of picture." A lot of guests went out of their way not to chat with McCarthy, yet he was not lonely. His committee counsel, little Roy Cohn, hovered around him like a pilot fish in front of a shark, and the junior Senator from Wisconsin saluted with a kiss Mrs. Robert Vogeler, as pretty a blonde as any there.

Martha and her husband, after a kiss (and seven retakes for photographers), cut an 80-lb. wedding cake with a sword borrowed from an admiral especially invited for that purpose. Then dancing began. Martha swayed out a stately tune with Korean Ambassador Dr. You Chan Yang. The orchestra switched to *It's a Great Day for the Irish*, and Yang and Martha finished by stamping out the Mexican hat dance (Yang has been moving in U.N. circles a lot lately).

Turkey in the Straw. After that, things got hotter, and Greek Ambassador Athanasios Politis called a square dance. Said an admiring guest: "He never saw a turkey or knew about straw, but he is one hell of a caller." Senator Estes Kefauver, onetime presidential candidate, boyishly hooked his arm around a tent pole and spun three complete turns. The Tennessee statesman, as usual, had a word to say. "Wheel!" was the word. Speaker Joseph Martin grinned his friendly, lumpy grin. Senator Styles Bridges rang a locomotive bell and shouted "All aboard!"

The British ambassador, shy Sir Roger Makins, deserved special mention in dispatches from the Battle of the Red Mill. He flinched slightly when presented with a plate of lavender-pink potato salad, flinched again when a lady guest impaled him with: "You're British, aren't you? You ought to know how to do the Lambeth Walk." Afloat or ashore, England expects every man to do his duty. For the first time in a quiet but crowded life, Sir Roger Mellor Makins, Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, ate lavender-pink potato salad and danced the Lambeth Walk.

At 1:30 they got the last three dozen guests out by turning off the electric lights. Then they totted up the toll: 18 gallons of lobster Newburg, 450 hamburgers, eight turkeys, eight hams, a bushel of green salad, eight gallons of lavender-pink potato salad, six crocks of baked beans, eight gallons of sherbet, dozens of cases of bourbon, Scotch and gin, 120 bottles of champagne. Said Martha: "Everything came out even, except Clem Ryan." The evening had cost Millionaire Ryan something like \$10,000.

Martha, with a knee slightly sprained from doing the Charleston, explained the social principle underlying the party: "Anybody can just invite a lot of people out of the telephone book. We invite people who are a lot of fun. Entertaining is like cooking—you've got to have a little pepper and a little salt and a little garlic."



Charles Del Vecchio—Washington Post

MARTHA & OLLIE PRESBREY

An Ambassador remembered Trafalgar and a Senator cried "Whee."

the Presbrees. At first he planned a cozy little party at his Warrenton, Va. estate. "We asked 40 people and 60 accepted," said Ryan. Ryan and Martha were convinced that the scope of the enterprise should be expanded and brought to Martha's home in Washington.

Ryan, with a six-man staff, set up administrative headquarters in the Mayflower Hotel. An army of gardeners dug up rosebushes, chrysanthemums and shrubbery at the Presbrees' spacious place off Connecticut Avenue, and moved them back five feet to make room for a Parisian street scene, complete with sidewalks and sidewalk cafés. Carpenters built a 30-by-50-ft. dance floor over the lawn, covered it with a sideshow tent, which was decorated as and called the Moulin Rouge. Presrooms, male and female, were set up with tickers and telephones.

Bouncers by the Fence. Inside the house some changes were also necessary. The living room was stripped of furniture

eight-piece orchestra was hired, and a seven-foot-high fence was built (at a cost of \$1,000) to bring order into the lives of six uniformed District of Columbia cops and four private eyes flown down from New York to keep out the uninvited. (Martha likes the fence and thinks she will keep it as a permanent addition to the property.)

Martha had enough guests without any gate-crashers: 428 Senators, Congressmen, ambassadors, admirals, generals, Cabinet officers, newsmen, lobbyists and some friends. Almost everybody who was anybody showed up, except the Supreme Court Justices, who were busy with life & death matters (see above). Joe McCarthy escorted his brunette ex-secretary, Jean Kerr. Asked by press photographers

* Washingtonians love the inelegantly deprecatory nickname for high-priced gathering places. Another: the exclusive Burning Tree Club which is also known as Smouldering Stump.

WAR IN ASIA

TRUCE TALKS

The Standpatter

The U.N. was trapped between an enemy who was willing to settle and a principal ally who saw the settlement as ruinous. At Panmunjom, the Communists were presumably all set to sign an armistice. But in Seoul, stubborn old Syngman Rhee postponed a cease-fire indefinitely by setting free 27,000 North Korean war prisoners that the U.N. had promised to turn over to a neutral commission (see below). By his act, Syngman Rhee all but solved the problem of forced repatriation so far as North Koreans were concerned. He certainly proved that they did not want to go back. But he also struck a heavy blow at U.N. hopes for an end to the war. The talks at Panmunjom came to a halt.

In releasing the prisoners, Rhee violated the agreement that placed his troops under the U.N. Command in 1950. He also broke repeated promises to General Mark Clark and U.S. Ambassador Ellis Briggs that he would take no "unilateral action with reference to ROK forces . . . until after full and frank discussion" with Clark. Said an angry U.S. soldier: "We came over here to help him, and now he's kicked us in the face." Said Mark Clark: a "precipitous and shocking action."

But Syngman Rhee did only what he had warned he would do. The U.N. Command, and the rest of the world, had long regarded Rhee as an obstreperous but powerless old man who might threaten but would be brought to heel. Now an awful realization dawned: maybe the old man meant what he said. For Rhee, the release of the prisoners was entirely consistent. In more than half a century of fighting for a free and united Korea, he had made it clear by his acts that he was prepared for anything, from torture to an open break with his allies of 1953.

Pertinent Questions. Had Rhee killed all chances for a truce? One sign that some sort of cease-fire might still be possible came from Red Commanders Kim Il Sung and Peng Teh-huai. In a surprisingly mild letter to Mark Clark, Kim and Peng asked the U.S. of "conniving" with Rhee to release the prisoners, but did not even threaten to break off the talks. Instead, they asked General Clark some pertinent, practical questions:

"Is the U.N. Command able to control the South Korean government and army?"

"If not, does the armistice in Korea include the Syngman Rhee clique?"

"If it is not included, what assurance is there for the implementation of the armistice agreement on the part of South Korea?"

These were exactly the questions that Mark Clark had to ask himself. Even if the Communists want peace badly enough to overlook the prisoner release, there will be no armistice until the U.N. Command can answer the Red questions. Rhee vow-

ing not to settle for anything short of a unified Korea, could use his prodigious political and police power to upset any armistice, even if the ROK army should obey the U.N. instead of its President—which last week seemed entirely unlikely. Said a U.S. official in Seoul last week: "Rhee is a radical revolutionary. His actions prove that we just can't try to predict what he is going to do in terms of what is sensible. He has proved that he is capable of going to any end to get what he wants." Not all Koreans felt the same way. This week Chough Pyung Ok, leader of the only permitted opposition party, spoke out: "We cannot march north on our sentiments . . . Intelligent people in Korea know we are unprepared for such



UNITED PRESS
GENERAL PAIK & DAUGHTER
A dedicated man decided.

an undertaking." Chough's voice, however, is weak.

In its odd predicament, the U.N. Command this week seemed to have but four courses to follow. The U.N. could:

1 Give in to Rhee, adopt his demands at Panmunjom, and then be prepared to continue the stalemate war or seek a military decision when the Reds turn down the demands.

2 Sign a separate peace with the Reds, disclaim responsibility for South Korea and get out as quickly as possible.

3 Put down Syngman Rhee by declaring U.N. martial law, placing Rhee in "protective custody" or engineering a *coup d'etat* to bring to power a Korean who would cooperate with the U.N.

4 Continue trying to persuade Rhee while going ahead with a truce, hoping for the best.

The first two possibilities were abhorrent and so was the third, which would involve vast military risks (e.g., a collapse

of the ROK army, which has been doing most of the fighting these days). Furthermore, time was rapidly slipping by for the third: already Rhee has decided to fire the ROK army's young (33) Chief of Staff, Paik Sun Yup, who is a U.N. favorite.

Although there was nothing in Rhee's conduct to indicate that he was bluffing, the U.S. chose the easy fourth course, and hopefully assumed that Rhee would come around in the end. To Korea this week flew Assistant Secretary of State Walter Robertson, a personal emissary from Dwight Eisenhower, with orders to talk to Rhee. Just how Robertson, a neophyte in power politics, or his companion, Assistant Secretary of State Carl McCordle, were to persuade shrewd, sly, dedicated old Syngman Rhee to abandon his lifelong dream was not explained. One weapon at hand: a threat to cut off economic aid should Rhee continue to thwart an armistice.

Caught between the Communists and Rhee the U.N. Command faltered in indecision. The editor of one of Rhee's tightly controlled newspapers told an American correspondent: "From now on the Korean government is going to run the war. The Americans can do nothing to stop it. They must do whatever we want them to do and they know it." It was a chilling statement. It even contained a certain amount of truth.

PRISONERS

The Great "Escape"

It was a quiet, rainy night in Prisoner of War Camp No. 9, under the brow of a green hill near Pusan. At 2:30 a.m., Pfc. Willie Buhon was reading a book in the "maximum security" compound (for prisoners who had broken minor rules). He wasn't worried much, though vaguely aware that his two ROK buddies on guard duty had been acting sort of "funny." Willie heard a bell, then a knock, and went out to investigate. The next thing he knew, he was looking down the barrels of two carbines, one Garand rifle and one pistol—all in the hands of ROK guards.

They locked Willie Buhon up in a cell. He squirmed through the barbed wire on top of the cell, reached a phone and called the camp switchboard, but it was too late. By hundreds and thousands, in orderly file, No. 9's anti-Communist North Korean prisoners were streaming through gaps in the barbed wire, previously cut from outside, to the hills, to the countryside, to the villages, to Pusan. At previously arranged meeting places, they were given rice, straw mats to sleep upon, old pants and open white shirts to wear, and identity cards. In Pusan they were told they need only apply to any *dong* (neighborhood society) for sanctuary. Any ROK soldier or cop would let them where *dong* headquarters were.

On the same night, at about the same time, similar breaks were carried off in three other camps—No. 5 at Sangmudai,

No. 6 at Nonsan, No. 7 at Masan. By morning, about 25,000 North Korean prisoners were free. In some cases, U.S. guards tried to hold back the tide with non-injurious gas—tear and vomiting gas—with little or no result.

Willy Syngman Rhee had laid the plans for his coup carefully and minutely, two weeks in advance. On June 9, the ROK National Assembly passed a resolution demanding freedom for anti-Communist North Koreans. But later, Rhee had lulled the U.N. Command's suspicions by ordering his people to cease demonstrating against a truce, and by calling on news correspondents, both Korean and foreign, not to incite friction between South Korea and her allies.

Death on the Wire. At each of the seven camps for "non-repatriable," i.e., anti-Communist, North Koreans, the U.S. commander (usually a colonel) had only a handful of Americans. Most of the guards were ROKs. This was partly out of necessity, partly out of convenience, for ROK guards spoke the prisoners' language. In permitting the situation, the U.S. generals knew they were taking a risk—falling back on the hoary military cliché that it was a "calculated risk." They were guarding men they sympathized with, men who did not want to go back to Communist rule. They thought Rhee was bluffing, or at least that he could be brought around. If the worst happened, they did not want U.S. troops to fire on masses of friendly Asians, which would be a political disaster of the first magnitude.

After the first night's break, U.N. Brigadier General Lionel McGarr relieved the ROK guards at Camp No. 10 near Inchon with marines and U.S. Army M.P.s. They were told to fire only if their own lives were threatened. On the second night, No. 10's inmates assembled inside the stockades, hurled volleys of stones, charged the wire in masses. The U.S. guards fired, killing or wounding more than 100. Some prisoners were trampled to death, others were torn to bits on the wire. Altogether, more than 40 of them died at Inchon. The marines themselves were fired on by "unknown persons" outside the camp perimeter; one was seriously wounded.

Youth in the Alleys. In subsequent breaks elsewhere, ROK tanks and trucks surrounded one camp, and the trucks carted away the escaping prisoners. At Pusan, several hundred fled from a hospital. More than 100 anti-Communist Chinese seized chances to escape. But Rhee's government, not interested in the Chinese, ordered them rounded up at once, and they were soon back behind the wire.

At week's end more than 27,000 of about 34,000 North Koreans had joined in the breakout. U.S. helicopters and spotter planes watched them on the roads, in the villages; U.S. M.P.s recognized a few of them—lean, young, alert, with shorter haircuts than other Koreans—in the back alleys of Pusan. But most were hidden, methodically quartered among the townspeople. Only a handful were recaptured, most of them voluntarily, apparently swayed by U.N. leaflets and broadcasts declaring that they had "made a mistake."

KOREA: THREE YEARS OF WAR

On June 29, 1950, the President of the U.S. told the American people that a "bunch of bandits" had crossed the 38th parallel in Korea. "Under the circumstances," said Harry Truman, "I have ordered U.S. air and sea forces to give the Korean government troops cover and support."

Korea is a war in which the U.S. 1) within six months, decisively defeated the original aggressor, North Korea; 2) has fought inconclusively for 2½ years with a second, Red China. It is an international war, piled onto a civil war, undertaken in

population has diminished from 8,000,000 to 4,000,000.

South Korea, likewise, is a war-wrecked shell: 75% of its mines and textile factories are out of action, 3 of its schools unusable. But out of disaster has grown a tough army of 16 divisions, and a sense of nationhood.

In the air over North Korea, U.S. pilots learned to fight at 40,000 ft. and 600 m.p.h. and won their war (see BYSSNESS). On the ground, the U.S. Army fought a war that resembled the Somme.

World War II had brought to near perfection two major techniques of modern war: the fast-moving, armored blitzkrieg, and strategic air bombardment, culminating in the A-bomb. Korea saw both techniques disabled by physiography (mud and jagged hills) and politics (no bombs beyond the Yalu, a decision made in the U.S. in the summer of 1951). The result: a return to stakrieg, a mode of warfare that forced the mobile U.S. to fight on the enemy's terms. Thus it was that the most powerful nation in the world failed for the first time to win a war that it engaged in.

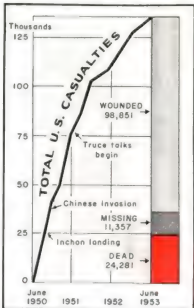
The U.S. & Korea. Britain, in the nineteenth century, fought scores of "police actions." Its people got used to having their young men dying in some corner of a foreign field while the nation, half forgetting, remained forever England.

Korea made the same demand on the U.S., but Americans, new to the controlled exercise of great power, resisted the role. They could not forget Korea (the newspapers saw to that), and it spoiled some of their pleasure in TV sets and Cadillacs that a handful of young men knew death each day in a strange land far from home.

In the beginning it was just like other wars: the marines sailed from San Diego, and the nation glowed with the conviction that its sons were fighting in an honored cause—to save the weak from the strong. The mood changed with the headline: resolute at Pusan, proud at Inchon, angry and alarmed at defeat on the Yalu.

Chinese intervention transformed a "police action" into a major war—an "entirely new war," Douglas MacArthur called it. In the U.S., it provoked the bitterest soul-searching since the Lend-Lease decisions of 1940-41. The debate opened old sores and inflicted new ones all its own. MacArthur wanted to ease the strain on U.N. forces in Korea by a blockade of the Chinese mainland and by air attacks beyond the Yalu.

The debate over MacArthurism went straight to the heart of the war in Korea. To win a decisive victory, U.S. commanders knew that they must make China sue for peace. But this could only be done if the U.S. 1) kept heavy pressure on the Chinese, and 2) accepted the risk of war with China's ally, Soviet Russia—a risk which may have been very small.



Time Chart by V. Pugliese

behalf of the "free world." It is the first U.N. war, the first jet-air war.

It is also a war of superlatives that brought more men (5,000,000) from more countries (16) to a smaller piece of real estate (85,000 sq. mi.) than any other war in history. It has kept the U.S. fighting longer than World War I; it has already cost the U.S. \$22 billion.

The human cost is higher. On democracy's side:

☐ Killed in combat: 71,500. ROKs: 45,000; Americans: 24,000; British 600; others 1,900.

☐ Wounded, 250,000.

☐ Missing & captured: 83,263.

Communist losses were far greater, though U.N. estimates are unreliable: 1,347,000 killed or wounded.

The war to save Korea has also killed 400,000 Korean civilians, left 500,000 homes wrecked beyond repair. One fourth of all Koreans are homeless, and 100,000 are orphans; all are underfed. In North Korea, 40% of all habitations are destroyed, and of military targets—factories, power plants, etc.—U.N. airmen agree that there is not much left to destroy. Its army is smashed, its civilian

The alternative was to play it safe, settle for a patched-up peace along the battlelines. The memorable phrases that symbolized the two choices were MacArthur's ("the will to win"), and Bradley's ("the wrong war in the wrong place at the wrong time"). Washington adopted the second course.

Once taken, this decision predestined the war in Korea to frustration and stalemate. U.S. commanders, trained in offensive tactics, found themselves committed to a purely defensive war. "We can't lose, we can't win, we can't quit," said one disgusted G.I.

Back home the people got mad. What had begun as an idealistic adventure became a begrudged duty. General Van Fleet stoutly insisted that the enemy could be defeated militarily inside Korea, but once the enemy insisted on truce talk (which went on & off fruitlessly for two of the three years), U.N. instructions were to protect their lines and avoid excessive casualties.

Eventually the whole mess, truce talks and all, was dropped into the threshing machine of a U.S. presidential election. Bitterness overflowed against Korea, the allies, the U.N., and all its works. "The war in Korea," cried Senator James P. Kem of Missouri, "is a stalemate, a treadmill, a yo-yo war . . . Our allies take the cash. Our boys take the bullets."

The climactic event of the presidential campaign was Dwight Eisenhower's promise to go to Korea to see about putting an end to the Korean war. The U.S. did something it had never done before: it changed administrations in the middle of a war.

U.N. in Korea. For the United Nations, Korea was its first affirmation that the nations of the world will fight together to resist aggression. But did the U.N. really work?

When the first British reinforcements arrived in beleaguered Pusan, many Americans thought so. Their confidence waned as the U.S. and its allies fell out over the conduct of the war. The first squall arose when Douglas MacArthur wanted U.N. authority for crossing the 38th parallel in pursuit of the North Koreans. In studiously vague language, the General Assembly authorized the Eighth Army to "insure stability in Korea," and bring about "a unified, independent and democratic government." The vote was 47-5 (the Russian bloc), but India and six other Asian and Arab nations parted company with the U.S., because it "would impair faith in the U.N. if we were to authorize the unification of Korea by force against North Korea after [resisting] North Korea's attempt to unify Korea by force against South Korea." A fortnight ago, President Eisenhower used a somewhat similar argument to dissuade Syngman Rhee from going it alone. Said the President: "It was indeed a crime that [North Korea] invoked violence to unite Korea. But I urge that your country not embark upon a similar course . . ."

Another big falling-out was over troop reinforcements. The glory of Britain's Gloucesters and the heroism of the fighting

Turks, among others, stood out like medals of honor. But nothing did the U.N. more harm in the U.S. than the comparative figures of forces in Korea:

ROKS	460,000
U.S.	250,000
The Rest	40,000

By supporting the U.S., albeit reluctantly, the U.N. confirmed and strengthened the principle of collective security. It saved its honor but lost much of its popularity. The U.S. was well aware that only a lucky break (the temporary absence of veto-wielding Jacob Malik) made possible the U.N. resolution backing intervention in Korea. And its commanders in the field disliked being held accountable to a

now counts eight divisions and five airplanes for every one it had in 1950), thereby raising hopes that the balance of world power will one day swing to the West.

In Asia, the results of Korea are less tangible. U.S. intervention:

❑ Prevented Communism from gobbling up all Korea.

❑ Pinned down the bulk of Red China's army, which otherwise might have overrun all Southwest Asia. If Korea had not been resisted, Japan itself might now be gone.

❑ Saved the U.S. and its allies from the disaster suffered when Czechoslovakia was allowed to fall to Hitler in 1938.

❑ Asserted to the world, and especially



Associated Press

U.S. DEAD ON OUTPOST HARRY
A stalemate, a treadmill, or an affirmation of honor?

Hydra-headed political committee, some of whose members disapproved of the war.

Was It Worth It? At the moment it might be hard to persuade a South Korean that it was. Yet, in the world outside Korea, there was reason to believe that Communism lost more and gained less from the war than the rest of the world did. Comparing June 1953 with June 1950, the U.S. and the non-Communist world is, in many respects, in a stronger position in the cold war than it was on the day the Korean war began. One measure is rearmament.

In 1950, the U.S. had 1,500,000 men under arms. Now it has 3,600,000. Break-down:

	1950	1953
Army divisions	10	20
Monthly tank production	—	1,000
Navy ships at sea	237	408
Marines	74,000	232,000
Monthly plane production	150	1,000

The allies armed, too. Example: the Labor government adopted the biggest arms budget in Britain's peacetime history. Korea put teeth into NATO (SHAPE

to Formosa and Japan, that the U.S. would not again tolerate Communist aggression.

Red China had gained face all over Asia by fighting the U.N. armies to a military standstill. Yet its losses were enormous, its five-year plan stalled for lack of steel and treasure that was poured out in Korea. And Peking had visibly failed to do what it had set out to do: to unify Korea under Chinese tutelage. No amount of "face" can undo the fact that all Red China's men have not changed the map. Whether the Communists have been "taught that aggression does not pay" is an open question. At least, since June 1950, there have been no major military aggressions.

A final judgment on whether it was all worthwhile depends upon its effect on both sides in decisions yet to be taken. If Korea has taught the Communists a lesson, if it has set back their timetable of conquest and roused free men against them, then a great good has been achieved. The other half of the verdict waits on the people of the U.S., for what has been gained by Korea could be undone, if Korean losses and a subsequent disillusionment persuade the U.S. to duck the next challenge.

NEWS IN PICTURES



"DOWN WITH THE TRUCE!" is the battle cry of angry ROK veterans who stage march on U.S. billets in Seoul, are kept in

check by G.I.s armed with carbines. Bitter crowds surrounded, slugged Korean national policemen sent to halt demonstrations.

KOREA & BERLIN: MASSES REVOLT

Riot and rebellion against Communism last week broke out in two of the world's tragic areas—South Korea, bled to despair by war, and East Germany, throttled by years of brutal Russian rule. In South Korea, anti-Red P.W.s stormed from their camps,

endangering truce negotiations, which many fear would seal their country's division. In Berlin and all over Eastern Germany, thousands of defiant workers rose in mass against their Communist masters, drawing bloody reprisals from the Russian army.



STONES V. STEEL: Defiant East Germans send futile barrage of rubble against two of the 200 tanks worried Russians used to quell Berliners.

TANKS V. PEOPLE: Rioters seeking refuge in Allied zone swarm into Berlin's Potsdamer Platz past huge bonfires of Red posters as Russian tank (upper right) clanks ominously into view.





DEFIANT KOREANS, disabled veterans of three-year war, put aside crutches to stage lie-down strike against truce agreement

on streets of Pusan. Later, President Syngman Rhee opened gates of prison compounds and hospitals for anti-Communist P.W.s



INTERNATIONAL

COLD WAR

Rebellion in the Rain

By 7 a.m., the streets of East Berlin were alive with workers who would not work. Barehanded, they gathered in the grey morning rain. They wore the uniforms of their trades—masons in white overalls, carpenters in traditional black corduroy smocks, day laborers and factory hands in hobnailed boots and raveled suits. Many were youths; some were peasants from outside the city. In mumbling columns that suggested disconnected centipede legs groping for a body, they streamed from all directions toward the center of East Berlin, where the Communist proconsuls rule.

Along Stalinallee, the newly constructed showplace of the East German workers' paradise, one band of 10,000 fell into ragged cadence. "We don't want a People's Army. We want free elections," cried one man, and others took it up. The mumble became a shout. Then it suddenly stopped—at the end of the street, in front of a cordon of dark green riot trucks, stood a wall of People's Police, their grey raincoats agleam, their arms locked elbow to elbow. For a moment the front of the column hesitated and the marchers in the rear piled up in comic confusion. Then the 10,000 plunged ahead, disregarding thudding truncheons. The wall of police broke, and with a roar the marchers poured forward.

A Circus Parade. The columns and the sounds swelled. "Down with the People's Army! We want butter!" "Freedom! Freedom!" Shopkeepers hurriedly clanged down shutters of their stores and peered through the slits. From side streets and cluttered curbs, hundreds of others drifted into the march. Other columns melted into the one from Stalinallee.

So far, everything was going much like the day before when thousands had marched through the streets in protest, and surprisingly forced Otto Grotewohl's Red government to rescind a work speed-up decree. An odd, almost festive air made it even harder to believe that an unheard-of thing was happening. Children on bicycles circled in front of the marchers. Even when the first Russians rolled into sight in armored cars and open infantry trucks to back up the nervous and confused People's Police (*Volkspolizei* or Vopos), the marchers grinned and whistled and jeered. An East German perched shakily on an idle cement mixer pointed with a sneer at a tall Vopo. "Hello, long one," he cried. "Your pants are open."

When the crowd reached the massive new Soviet embassy on Unter den Linden, a pair of Soviet reconnaissance cars wheeled to face the crowd. Soldiers somberly pointed machine guns above the heads of the marchers. Six mobile anti-aircraft trucks twisted through the crowd, nose to tail, like a team of prodding sheep dogs, to press the movement past and on

to other places. But at Leipziger and Friedrich Strasse, where the chief government buildings stood, the mob's suppressed feelings broke out. Anger scudded in like a rain cloud. "Freedom!" they chanted. "Freedom!" "We demand the overthrow of the government." "We want the overthrow of Ulbricht."

The first brick broke a government window, then a cascade of sticks and stones began bounding off walls, streets and skulls. Two truckloads of Soviet infantrymen, sitting impassively facing each other

streets came more, about 200 in all. For a while they rocked and snarled past and through the crowds. But one band of young rioters scooted close to a T-34 and jammed a log into its tracks, leaving it crippled with its crew inside. Others tossed sticks and big stones into the tracks of tanks.

At the six-columned Brandenburg Gate, on the East-West border, two men climbed to the top and to a billowing cheer tore down the Red flag and tossed it to the ground. The crowd gleefully burned it. On other squares and corners, the Red flag was ripped down, spat upon. It was past noon.

In half a dozen places at once, the machine guns and submachine guns began chattering. Witnesses in the West sector reported that the Soviet soldiers seemed to aim above the crowd; the Vopos fired point-blank at their countrymen. On the squares, the crowds broke. Hundreds threw themselves into gutters and doorways, and down subway stair wells to dodge the bullets. But not all made it. A man in Unter den Linden was crushed by a growing tank. Some demonstrators rushed out to pull his body away, then defiantly drove a crude wooden cross into the asphalt where he had died. Scores were hit by point-blank fire. At Potsdamer Platz, two West Berlin ambulances darted across the border to pick up wounded.

Curfew at 9. Near the West border, a gang of rioters pushed with a whoop of discovery on to a small grey automobile. In it, terrified, was 70-year-old Otto Nuschke, a collaborating Christian Democrat who is Deputy Premier in the East German puppet regime. The rebels pushed him across the West border. (After two days in the hands of West Berlin police, he went back to East Berlin.)

At 2 o'clock, the brand-new Berolina office building was fired. To the north, a crowd tore down overhead streetcar wires. Throughout all East Berlin, a city of 1,700,000, ordinary life was at a standstill while at the center violence went its course. More Soviet troops poured in, and so did reinforcements of the *Volkspolizei*. Gradually, East Berlin's rebellion guttered out in the rain. By 2:30, most of the shooting had stopped and the drenched crowds had melted away. A police sound truck circled the riot area, booming: "The Soviet commander of troops . . . has ordered a [9 p.m.] curfew . . . Prohibited is the gathering of groups of more than three . . ."

Under the steel hand of the Soviet army, the workers' uprising against Communist oppression came to a bloody end. West Berlin alone counted seven dead and 110 wounded East Berliners in its hospitals; how many men were dead or injured in the Soviet sector no one knew. When night came, East Berlin lay gloomily quiet, its disheveled squares and streets guarded by dug-in machine-gunners of the People's Police, its border to the West



Associated Press

PUPPET NUSCHKE

The people: "Freedom! Freedom!"

on benches, were hit by thrown stones. None even turned his head. Thousands began chanting the forbidden anthem:

*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles,
Über alles in der Welt.*

Stalin for Fuel. On the Soviet side of Potsdamer Platz, which abuts on to West Berlin like a huge picture window in the Iron Curtain, a group lit a bonfire and fed it with Communist banners and placards—a slogan "Forward to the Building Up of Socialism," next a huge portrait of Joseph Stalin, then a faded portrait of East German Commissar Walter Ulbricht. By 11 a.m., small fires were burning in several squares and even in some buildings. A cordon of Soviet soldiers was thrown around the main government offices, but rioters got into the big state-run store to loot and destroy.

Then over the din came a new sound—the metallic clatter of tank treads on the cobblestones. A woman shrieked. "The tanks! The tanks are coming." Along Friedrich Strasse rolled eight field green T-34 medium tanks emblazoned with the Red Star, their 85-mm. guns ominously traversing the mob. Along other big

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ringed with fully manned Soviet tanks. (U.S. military officials in West Berlin estimated that 25,000 Soviet troops and 300 tanks were on guard by nightfall.)

That night, the Soviet occupiers began to round up rioters and ringleaders—or those they accused of being one or the other. Before dawn, a Soviet firing squad marched on to a field not far from the Brandenburg Gate and shot down the first of them, an unemployed West Berlin truck driver named Willi Goettling. His wife swore he had nothing to do with the uprising.

For the moment at least, the workers had been crushed—just as the workers of Russia had been put down on "Bloody Sunday" in 1905 by the troops of the Czar. "But the Russians can't keep their *Panzer* here forever," said a young East Berliner lying wounded in a West Berlin hospital. "When they leave, we will fight again until they change the government." On both sides of the Iron Curtain, the world heard with a thrill of East Berlin's rebellion in the rain. Until Wednesday, the 17th of June, the world had come increasingly to believe that inside a modern mechanized tyranny, it is hopeless to resist. Now hope was possible.

Revolt in the Land

Not until days later did the full scope of the violence in East Germany become clear: it was not an isolated day of rebellion in East Berlin alone. Across the 41,390 square miles of East Germany, where the Reds rule under the protection of 300,000 Soviet occupation troops, Germans rose up.

It had all the earmarks of genuine revolt, checked sternly and bloodily by Soviet military might and trigger-quick Red German police, but not by any means extinguished. It seemed spontaneous and uncoordinated, but tailored to a strikingly universal pattern that showed that the old techniques and militance of German social democracy had not been crushed by eight years of Red oppression.

From the Communists' own admissions, and from the lips of rebels who made it to West Germany before the Red police could find them, came stories of "little East Berlins" over all East Germany:

Near **Chemnitz**, in the highly sensitive Saxony uranium mines area, where not only Soviet troops but the Soviet MYD mount stringent guard, workers rose up and destroyed mining facilities. Apparently thousands joined in.

Near **Brandenburg**, 2,000 workers in the *Walz Werke* (steel rolling mill) dropped their tools and formed a strike committee when they heard of the rebellion in Berlin from West Berlin's U.S.-sponsored RIAS radio. During the night some of their leaders were arrested; next day they all struck, and would not return to work even after a Russian officer offered to free the arrested men if they would go back. Joined by strikers from a rope plant and tractor factory, they marched around the mill demanding lower production norms and a 40% cut in prices,

shouted for overthrow of the Communist regime, tore down Communist posters, ripped party pins off Communist lapels. They marched on Brandenburg proper, stormed the city prison and freed political prisoners. They spotted the district attorney, seized him, handcuffed him, threw him atop a police car and beat him to death. A "people's judge," found cowering in the courthouse, was mauled, had one of his ears ripped off before a friend saved him. Soviet tanks and *Volkspolizei* finally brought quiet to Brandenburg.

Near **Magdeburg**, 6,000 workers in a rayon plant milled around the plant shouting slogans, had to be dispersed with rubber truncheons and fire hoses. Twelve thousand workers of the Karl Liebknecht heavy machinery plant, marching on the city, were confronted by Soviet troops who fired over their heads and by *Volks-*

orders. In confusion and disgrace, Premier Otto Grotewohl, Deputy Premier (and real boss) Walter Ulbricht and their assistant commissars sat morosely on the sidelines this week, while Soviet tanks governed their country and the Kremlin pondered whose necks would feel the ax.

With a crude mixture of soft promises and harsh oppression, the Soviet masters sought to quiet the land and pluck out the roots of the rebellion. The puppet government was ordered to confess that its errors had caused the trouble, and to promise a sweeter life—abolition of the recent 10% work speedup decree, increased pensions, better housing. Soviet troops and *Vopos* combed towns and countryside for strike leaders, marked thousands—including almost 10,000 ex-*Werk-macht* officers—for automatic arrest. Occasionally came a cold announcement that "justice" had been done. Still, the Reds admitted, "calm is far from being assured."

Supply & Demands

The Kremlin went on with its carefully planned peace offensive, just as if nothing had happened. But of course, in East Germany, something had.

In Hungary, the Iron Curtain was raised to permit three western newsmen to attend a "world peace council," and to hear Comrade Journalist Ilya Ehrenburg talk about the "entirely new circumstances" which had caused the Soviet Union to "want to reach an agreement with those who profoundly dislike us." In Italy, Communist Leader Palmiro Togliatti advocated bringing either the Communists or the left-wing Socialists into the government, talked of "synchronized action between the two great working-class parties." In France, Communist Leader Maurice Thorez, in his first speech to the faithful since his return from 2½ years' medical treatment in Russia, reminded workers of "the happy experience of the Popular Front . . . Dear comrades, once again, as we did 20 years ago, we must fight wholeheartedly with all our energies to bring about this alliance . . ."

The cries for "united action" were not new. Socialist candidates in the recent municipal elections in France were repeatedly approached by Communists who offered to pool votes and abstain from hostile propaganda. Then, as now, the Socialists rejected all approaches. But there was a new note of determination in the rejection. Speaking in France's National Assembly, influential Socialist Charles Lussy declared: "To speak of unity of action today, after the events which we know, seems to me rather misplaced, particularly on the day after the unity of action of the German workers was shattered by the fire of Soviet cannons . . . The working people of France and all the workers of the world will know henceforth the fate they can expect and the liberties which are reserved to them in the regime you praise . . . if, unhappily, they allow themselves to be deceived by your demagoguery and your lies . . . When individual gallows are not enough, the tanks are brought in . . ."



COMMUNIST ULBRICHT
A faded portrait in flames.

polizei who fired directly into the mob. Five fell dead. Before they gave up, the strikers released 30 political prisoners from the jail, wrecked Red trade union headquarters.

In **Leipzig**, 1,400 zinc and steel workers marched on strike, tore hats and guns away from traffic policemen who tried to halt them, grabbed Leipzig Mayor Ubbich and forced him to march at the head, his chest covered with a sign saying: "Down with the Government!" Where one German fell dead from a *Vopo's* bullet, the revolters heaped flowers and set up a sign: "Here a German was shot to death by a German."

In **Halle**, workers burned the big Leuna synthetic gasoline plant and struck the Buna synthetic rubber factory.

Though they had failed to win the revolters had not failed completely. Their revolt could well mean the end for the puppet Communist government that rules 18 million East Germans under Kremlin

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

The Headless Wonder

Not for 80 years of parliamentary regimes had France been a whole month without a Premier. "A moral and social crisis," said President Vincent Auriol, calling on 21 leading French politicians to pick a man for the job. They could not agree. The Socialists walked out. But 18 others, including nine ex-Premiers, worked out measures they thought they could all agree on, at least long enough to form a government. On this basis, President Auriol asked one of them, Antoine Pinay, a small-town leather merchant who was Premier for most of last year, to try. Pinay agreed "to think it over."

GREAT BRITAIN

Smiling in the Rain

It rains heavily in Tonga, in the warm South Pacific. Thus it did not seem unusual to Tonga's Queen Salote[®] that it should be raining in London on coronation day. Instead of withdrawing into the shelter of her coach like most notables in the long procession from Westminster Abbey, Queen Salote sat in the drenching downpour, a massive (6 ft. 3 in., 280 lbs.), broad-faced woman in red robes and a headdress from which two feathers stuck stiffly upright; she beamed, waved, mopped rain from her face with a handkerchief, beamed again. The soaked, foot-sore crowd who had waited interminable hours to see the procession instantly warmed to Queen Salote.

After the procession she hurried back to her house in Weymouth Street, took off her soaked gown (made from the bark of a hibiscus tree), had a hot bath and went to bed. Later she told newsmen that she loved the British weather. "The public was as wet as I, and we were both enjoying ourselves . . . Oh, it was marvelous. The greatest day ever." Wrote the London *Daily Telegraph*: "Few visitors can ever have endeared themselves so widely and so speedily." Pleased Colonial Nat Gubbins in the *Sunday Express*:

*Linger longer, Queen of Tonga,
Linger longer, we us.
Linger while the English summer
Gives us all the shivers.
While the summer east winds blow
And shake our English lives.*

From then on, the Queen of Tonga was a hit wherever she went. Her street clothes were unremarkable, her manner motherly and informal, but she maintained an air of dignity and genuine queenliness. She turned up at the ballet to see Margot Fonteyn dance *Sleeping Beauty*, at Lord's to watch the cricket, hefted babies at the Chelsea welfare center, inspected Canterbury and Cambridge, saw

[®] The nearest Polynesian tongues could get to Charlotte, after George III's queen.

Dial M for Murder, rounded up and gave a tea party for 35 fellow old girls of the Diocesan High School of Auckland, New Zealand. Editorialized the London *Times*: "Such is the force of character that Queen Salote made us as conscious of Tonga as Columbus made the Caribs conscious of Spain. Everyone now wants to know something more."

Tonga, England soon learned, is an archipelago of probably 200 islands about



QUEENS ELIZABETH & SALOTE
Linger longer, Tonga.

1,400 miles south of the equator. Captain Cook called there in 1773, named them the Friendly Islands, and presented the Tongans with a tortoise, which is still alive. Methodist missionaries arrived in 1822 and converted the king to Christianity. Queen Salote's father voluntarily accepted British protection in 1900. Tonga is the only remaining independent monarchy in the Pacific. It has its own parliament, cabinet, privy council, passports, stamps, currency, laws and language, and is the only self-governing kingdom within the British Commonwealth. The 49,000 inhabitants have no unemployment problem, no illiteracy, no poverty. They boast of free health service, free education.

Since 1918, Queen Salote—descendant of a 1,000-year-old dynasty—has ruled her country from a white wooden palace on the main island. A widow since 1942, she has two sons who attended Sydney University, from which she herself graduated many years ago. Her eldest son is her Premier.

Last week, having conquered Britain, Queen Salote was off to misty Scotland. Wherever she went, she was cheered by huge crowds. Said Scotland's Minister of

State, the Earl of Home: "When we saw the contempt with which you treated the weather, then Scotland was at your feet." But the Queen was beginning to have qualms. Said Salote in a broadcast to her people: "Much as we have liked to stay in England, I think I must end by saying that we are looking forward to traveling home . . . The English weather has been very nice, and warm, but cold at times." Though it also rains in Tonga, it is always warm.

JAPAN

Worst Crash

Broken rain clouds hung low over Tachikawa Air Base last week as the C-124 Globemaster, biggest of the Air Force's transport craft, lumbered to the end of the runway. Visibility was a safe 2½ miles, and the 122 Air Force and Army passengers chatted easily as the massive, two-deck plane made a perfect take-off.

For 60 seconds, the Globemaster bored upwards through the overcast, above the tiny farms and woodlots that fringe the western outskirts of Tokyo. Its destination: Korea. Then at 4:32 p.m., from 1,400 ft., the pilot flashed word that he was in trouble: "ONE ENGINE OUT—RETURNING TO FIELD FOR GCA LANDING."

For 120 seconds, the rows of servicemen held fast to their seat belts as the plane lurched and swayed towards the air base; some prayed; one boy clutched his rosary. A second engine failed, and the plane began to lose altitude more rapidly. Four miles short of the base, the Globemaster slammed steeply into a watermelon patch, broke up and caught fire, skittering bits of burning metal at a frightened Japanese farmer who stood near by. Most, if not all, of the men were killed on impact, which was so great that many bodies were torn from their seats.

All 122 passengers, returning from five-day R and R (rest and recreation) leave in Japan, and the seven-man crew were dead. It was the worst airplane disaster in history.†

MIDDLE EAST

Toughest Job

A cool, thin-tipped man stepped off a plane at Lydda Airport last week and brusquely fended off newsmen. Major General Vagn Bennike of Denmark had come to take over the job of U.N. Truce Supervisor, and in the festering truce between Israel and Jordan (toll since January 1952: some 280 incidents), silent impartiality is the umpire's prime asset.

* Ground Controlled Approach (i.e., instrument) Landing.

† Next worst disasters: Dec. 20, 1952: U.S.A.F. Globemaster at Moses Lake, Wash.; 87 killed. March 22, 1950: chartered Avro Tudor airliner at Cardiff, Wales; 86 killed. June 24, 1950: Northwest Air Lines DC-4 in Lake Michigan; 58 killed.

It also helps that he is unknown. Bennike, 65, was an underground commander who once hopped out the third-floor window of an apartment as the Germans came through the door; he also has a master's knowledge of explosives and military engineering. But he has never been to the Middle East before. "All I know of this land," he said, "comes from my study of ancient fortifications."

Last week Bennike pored through a mountain of documented failure in the hillside office of his predecessor, Lieut. General William Riley, U.S.M.C. (ret.). In four years on the job (he succeeded Ralph Bunche, Riley had earned the liking of the Israeli and the distrust of the Arabs; he conceived his job to be "maintaining the status quo," and had done no more than that. He presided over an unworkable truce—unworkable because it ignored natural boundaries, split farmers from their lands, divided the holy city of Jerusalem, exiled thousands of refugees, deprived thousands of Arabs of their properties with no deadline for compensation. It had proved unworkable most of all because of the accumulated passions and suspicions on both sides. It would be Bennike's task to try to lessen those. Said Old Marine Riley on the way out: "It's the toughest job in the world."

SYRIA

American Style

The ancient city of Damascus was gay with flags, regional costumes, colored electric lights, street dancing, fireworks. When Strongman Adib Shisheky appeared in his bulletproof Mercedes in the city's Liberation Square, 100,000 happy Syrians roared his praises. The double occasion: 1) first anniversary of his Arab Liberation Movement (the only political party allowed to function in Syria), and 2) bestowal of a new constitution upon this nation of 3,000,000.

That the constitution guarantees civil rights to the people, but is conferred upon them rather than written by their chosen representatives, is characteristic of the regime of a remarkable man, Brigadier Shisheky, a dictator who is shy, honest and levelheaded. The man behind Syria's weak parliamentary regime since 1949, and Syria's out-in-the-open dictator for the past 18 months, Shisheky regards himself as a kind of authoritarian trustee until the people can be "entrusted with power." The new constitution reflects his temperament as well as his views. Unlike Syria's previous constitutions, which were copied from the French and brought on parliamentary chaos, the new one is in the stable American style. It provides for three government branches—executive, legislative, judicial—with the five-year President as a strong chief executive. The President, not the unicameral legislature, may declare war, although he must have the consent of the Deputies to do so.

In the next few weeks Syrian voters (all men and women over 18) are expected to vote overwhelming approval of the new

constitution. They will also be asked to choose a President from a group of candidates who must have Shisheky's approval. Nobody will have to wait until election day to guess the name of Syria's new President: Adib Shisheky.

EGYPT

New Republic

"This is the capital of the Republic calling," said an announcer over the Egyptian State Radio early one morning last week. It was the first hint of the big news: Egypt, after 5,000 years of rule by Pharaohs, proconsuls and kings, had been declared a republic.

A little later, slender Major General Mohammed Naguib, front man in the military coup which toppled playboy King Farouk from his throne last July, went on the air as the Republic of Egypt's first Premier and President. "... We proclaim today," said he, "in the name of the people, abolition of the monarchy."

The decision, a popular one among Egypt's 20 million, abolished the regency set up after Farouk's exile and made young (1) Fund, Farouk's son and heir to the throne, just another Egyptian. It left Egypt in the charge of four soldiers, who now have new official titles: Premier Naguib, the "public-relations man" of the military junta, his Vice Premier, Lieut. Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, 35, the real strongman of the bloodless revolution, and two other Egyptian army officers loyal to Nasser, and therefore to Naguib.

MACAO

Smuggle or Die

Across the river mouth from Hong Kong on the mainland of Red China is the tiny (eleven square miles) Portuguese colony of Macao, whose legitimate industries are the packaging of matches, firecrackers and Sin. Into Macao one day last week came the Portuguese ship *Rovuma*, with a cargo of iron and steel plates, machine tools and industrial chemicals. That night coolies shifted the *Rovuma's* freight into motorized junks, which began moving up the Pearl River toward Canton.

Smuggling, for centuries a profitable career in these waters, has been brought to an art by the Communists. Peking maintains an official purchasing agency in Macao called the Nan Kwong Trading Corp. Smugglers get an order from Nan Kwong, then wangle a Macao government import permit, place their order somewhere in Western Europe, and wait for the ships of the Portuguese-owned *Companhia Nacional de Navegação* to arrive. When the smuggler delivers the goods, profits are enormous.

Secure Smuggling. When the Communists withheld their orders for a couple of months last winter, Macao almost skidded into bankruptcy. Portugal is pledged to enforce the U.N. embargo on strategic materials entering Red China, but the colony of Macao lives in such absolute dependence (even for food and water) on the Communist mainland that it con-



PRESIDENT NAGUIB & STRONGMAN NASSER
After Pharaohs, proconsuls and kings, a few soldiers.

siders it a question of smuggle or die.

By cracking down on freelance smugglers and the pirates who lived on them, the Communists have made smuggling operations in this area comparatively secure. Red gunboats constantly patrol the Pearl River estuary, and the oldtime speculator who ran the blockades with mixed cargoes has disappeared. The Communists ask for and get only strategic materials. Not satisfied with waterfront facilities at Macao, they have set up their own transfer port for smuggled goods on the islet of Lap Sap Mei between Macao and Hong Kong. Here, instead of lightering, overseas ships tie up at a new pier, unload into junks of sufficiently shallow draft to make the mud banks up to Whampoa, or tranship for Tientsin and

ITALY

A Bell for Bisaccia

Bisaccia stands high amid the crags and chestnut trees of the Southern Apennines, 60 miles to the east of Naples. It is a small town of some 7,000 souls, and the land is poor and arid. So it has become the custom for many Bisaccesi to move elsewhere to earn their living: to Naples and to Rome, to Mexico and Brazil, and to the United States, where some 200 emigrants made their new homes in Richmond, Ind.

One of these was a cobbler named Luigi Salzarulo. He arrived in Richmond in 1907, became known as Louis instead of Luigi, and got a job as section laborer for the Pennsylvania Railroad. His subsequent career was such that one Italian

Last week, Bisaccesi hung their bright-est bedquills like flags on the window sills, and went down to hear the Archbishop of Conza bless the bright, new-shining bell. On hand, mopping his forehead with a handkerchief of many colors, sat Louis Salzarulo of Richmond Ind. "Isn't it wonderful of old Luigi," said one villager, "to have the money to have the bell mended!"

At the ceremony, Arduino Donatiello, the mayor, made a fine oration. "A son of Bisaccia has not forgotten us," he said, "... nor will we forget his son." Then Louis presented a bronze plaque from the city council of Richmond that summed up the years he had been away. It read: "To the people of Bisaccia, Italy, in recognition of the high esteem in which we hold your native son . . . Louis Salzarulo."

INDO-CHINA

The Cavalryman

Only two things were known about General Henri Eugène Navarre in Indo-China: 1) he was a cavalryman; 2) he was the intelligence officer who had divined the exact and detailed order of battle of the German army facing France in September 1939. After three weeks as commander in chief of the French Union forces in Indo-China, little more was known about him. A small, shy man, he appeared to detest ostentation and ceremony. He hardly showed himself to the troops, and he evaded newsmen. Once he got into the news by accident when Communists shot up a DC-3 in which he was making a low-flying survey of enemy lines. Then, last week General Navarre completed his review of the Indo-China battlefield and made one of the most aggressive declarations yet to come from a French commander in that theater. The late Marshal de Lattre had said: "We will not let go of one inch of terrain." Said Navarre: "We will take the offensive."

Typically, he did not make the announcement personally, but had a spokesman read it to newsmen: "We shall give back to our troops the mobility and aggressiveness they have sometimes lacked. Our units have become too heavy. Certainly our troops have preserved their supremacy in pitched battle—when they are offered it by the Viet Minh. But this is not enough. Henceforth our troops will seek the enemy in the very heart of their jungle and paddies. They will impose battle on the enemy. . . . Our infantry must have confidence in itself, in its weapons and its officers. There may be a real problem of confidence among our troops. If this problem presents itself, it will be resolved. We shall renew the war." Timing for the offensive: the end of the rainy season in September.

Navarre's plans were well received by French Union soldiers, who have become discouraged by continuous caution. Said a delighted staff officer: "One must not forget that his weapon is cavalry. And in cavalry, one attacks!"



LOUIS SALZARULO & GIFTS TO BISACCIA
"Isn't it wonderful of old Luigi?"



Dairen. Through Lap Sap Mei now travels about one-third of all shipping to China. Most of the ships that call there are Communist-owned, but occasional vessels flying Western flags, including the Union Jack, have been spotted.

Expensive Trade. Lap Sap Mei and Macao are an enticement to the thousands of desperately poor junk people in Hong Kong who are ready to risk their lives to earn a few hundred dollars running contraband. Under U.N. pressure, British authorities have stepped up their efforts to enforce the embargo.

Typical contraband seized by the British last month: auto clutch plates hidden under a load of fish, 2,712 lbs. of scrap iron disguised as ballast, 82 tons of asphalt passing as dirty, but legal, coal tar. The British concede that about 200 tons of merchandise—about 1,000th of Hong Kong's intake—gets across to the Communists every week. Even with what goes in to Macao and Lap Sap Mei, it is not enough for the building of industrial China. Only peace and a resumption of normal trade would do that.

journalist referred to him as "one of the most esteemed and respected citizens of the United States. . . . [He] started life as a navy, and ended up with the splendor of gold of a stationmaster's braid."

Not a stationmaster but a freight foreman, Louis retired in 1949 at the age of 65, full of pride in his five sons, all of whom went to college, and two married daughters: proud, too, to be a city councilman, and proud of the new world that had brought him so many good things.

But Louis and his wife Maria did not forget Bisaccia, and they did not forget that the bell of Bisaccia would not ring long before, it had split during an earthquake, and no one had bothered to fix it.

After World War I, another Bisaccia emigrant to the U.S., Giuseppe Sullo, had built a new church tower for the town at a cost of \$12,000, expecting that this would encourage Bisaccia to recast the bell. (It didn't.) After World War II, Louis decided to recast the bell in honor of his son Major Raymond Salzarulo, who was killed at Midway. Louis sent \$500 to Don Guerrizzo, the parish priest.



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This young lady is graduating from a girls' school which is one of the most exclusive in the nation. It's United Air Lines' Stewardess School, where only one out of 35 applicants qualifies to enter.

In money her tuition is low—in fact, zero. But it's extremely high in qualities that money can't buy—like good sense, good humor, fine character, a genuine liking for people, and an ability to serve them with tact and understanding.

So it's no wonder she's excited and proud as

she steps up to receive her wings and diploma, with her classmates, her folks, and United Air Lines officials looking on!

As she joins us on the big United Air Lines team, clad for the first time in Mainliner blue, radiant in all her youthful enthusiasm, she's a living symbol of Service in the Mainliner® Manner. *The right kind of people, trained in the right way, assure you of this fine and friendly service whenever and wherever you fly United Air Lines.*


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of riding comfort*

TRUST our General Motors engineers to figure it out.

They wanted to know exactly what happened to a car's underpinning on a washboard road.

Sure they could drive it over such a road. Or over the bump-studded Belgian block road at our Milford, Michigan, Proving Ground.

But that wasn't enough for them. They wanted to get under the car while it was traveling the road. See and record what happened. Study the effect of those bruising bumps on springs and shock absorbers, on engine and body mountings under stroboscopic (stop-motion) light, and chart the vibration picture on the most sensitive electronic recording devices.

So what did they do? They built their own super-washboard road right in the laboratory. It took the form of these

revolving drums, spinning the front wheels of the car on this huge "bump and shake" rig at the GM Technical Center in Detroit.

Those drums have "built-in" bumps. And here you see GM engineers studying what happens at 640 bumps a minute—the equivalent of traveling at the toughest speed on a washboard road.

Result: greater, more precise knowledge of car riding qualities and a better, smoother ride for you.

Here, then, is a typical example of the way GM engineers make use of every available material, every practical method—even develop new materials and new methods—to build better, more economical products for you. In fact, it is this continuous engineering ingenuity and resourcefulness which make the key to a General Motors car—your key to greater value.



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... PERFECTS TODAY'S PROGRESS
... PATTERNS TOMORROW'S
PROMINI





The Invisible Miners

OF LION'S HEAD GULCH

THIS WATER is flowing out of a dump of very low grade copper ore in Lion's Head Gulch near our huge Bingham mine in Utah. We run water over the dump and let it seep through, to carry out copper that could not otherwise be recovered.

Kennecott research has found that microscopically tiny creatures are living in the dumps. These invisible miners are busy making sulphuric acid that dissolves the copper so water can carry it away.

We're working on a plan to "pay" these microorganisms more for the job they do. Kennecott's research people know these tiny miners thrive on nitrogen and are working on a project to feed them greater quantities of it. This will make them work harder to produce more copper for Kennecott.

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In one of his last official acts, retiring Air Force Chief of Staff General **Hoyt S. Vandenberg** handed a pilot's wings to his son, Lieut. Hoyt S. Vandenberg Jr. He also told graduates at Williams Air Force Base, Ariz., that "the greatest fraternity on the face of the earth are the people who wear wings . . . You are not just jet jockeys . . . Take up the broader duty of understanding and preaching the role of air power . . . The people who won't face the truth . . . must be told repeatedly, earnestly, logically that air power will save the world from destruction . . ."

Globetrotting **Adlai Stevenson** whipped into Cyprus, pausing just long enough to announce that when he gets home he will visit the White House, at President Eisenhower's invitation. Then he was off to Turkey where he took a swim in the Bosphorus and chatted with **India Edwards**, vice chairman of the U.S. Democratic National Committee, before pushing off for Belgrade, Yugoslavia.

At the 48th annual convention of the Lithographers National Association, Bishop **Fulton J. Sheen** explained why he always speaks without notes or manuscript: "An old Irish lady, watching a bishop read his sermon, once asked, 'If he can't remember it, how does he expect us to?'"

In Rome, at their first birthday party, Isabella and Isotta **Rossellini**, twin daughters of Cinematress **Ingrid Bergman** and Italian Director **Roberto Rossellini**, were neatly upstaged by their elder brother **Robertino**, 3, who did his best to beat

them at blowing out their birthday candles. Half-brother **Renzo**, 11, waited quietly in the background, apparently more interested in cake than in candles.

In Paris, after serving as an official U.S. representative at Queen Elizabeth's coronation, Editor **Fleur (Look) Cowles** had an explanation for the demure grey dress she wore to the ceremony: "I dressed down so as not to detract from the Queen. I told Valentina to make me a simple dress that would blend inconspicuously with the color of the Abbey pillars."

At France's sixth annual *Kermesse aux Etoiles* (Carnival of Stars), President **Vincent Auriol** awarded French Oscars (bronze statuettes of Winged Victory) to a number of movie stars, including **Gary Cooper** and **Gregory Peck**. When his award was announced, Hollywood's Cooper applauded vigorously. After nudging him into silence, Cinematress **Gisele Pascal** explained her tall friend's embarrassing antics to the astonished crowd: "He doesn't understand a word of French."

Talking for the New York Times Magazine, **James Caesar Petrillo**, czar of the American Federation of Musicians, admitted that his unceasing war against any musical endeavor which does not turn a penny for the A.F.M. had plunged him into the already overcrowded field of expertising on the national defense budget. "I'm in the Pentagon on those service bands," said Petrillo. "I find out they got 187 of those bands. They got five in Washington alone, playing for some Congressman or other. 'Whaddya doin' with 187 of them and cutting \$5,000,000,000 from the Air Force?' I said. If they cut that



THE DUKE OF WINDSOR
At the ball, a copy of a copy.

thing down to a hundred they save a billion a year. Maybe that ain't the figure . . . I'm no **Walter Reuther**. I ain't got 15 guys gettin' the facts for me."

In the gardens of the Royal Orangerie at Versailles Palace, the **Duke of Windsor**, an old and practiced hand at palace parties, turned up for France's League-Against-Cancer Ball. Looking strikingly like the late George Arliss playing the part of aging royalty, the astigmatic duke sipped *potage velouté*, put away a healthy helping of chicken *boucanière* and cooled off with punch *Antillais*.

Author of more than 60 novels in which middle-aged love triumphs to the delight of women's-magazine readers, Fictioneer **Faith Baldwin**, 59, announced that she has learned at long last to make the formula work in real life. After 25 years of separation, she is returning to her husband, Brooklyn Businessman **Hugh H. Cuthrell**, 60. Said Cuthrell, like a Faith Baldwin hero: "We have never really been out of love."

No sooner had **Winthrop Rockefeller's** difficulties with his estranged wife **Bobo** cost him a million-dollar trust fund (TIME, June 15), than he moved to Little Rock, Ark., where ignorance of the local ground rules cost him still more cash. Investigators for the state's Alcoholic Beverage Control Board raided a commercial warehouse and impounded three van loads of choice liquor—all marked **HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS OF W. ROCKEFELLER**. The trouble was that the whiskey: 1) had been brought into Arkansas without a permit, 2) had no state-tax stamps, and 3) was stored in a warehouse not bonded to house liquor. Not until Attorney General **Thomas Jefferson Gentry** got a check for more than \$1100 (wholesale tax at \$2.50 a gallon) did Connoisseur Rockefeller get his treasure.



THE ROSSELLINIS
At the party, a scene-stealer.

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Biggest Show

TVmen last week learned a surefire formula for a first-rate show: a great deal of talent and half a million dollars. The money was supplied by Ford Motor Co. to celebrate its 50th anniversary with a two-hour show carried by both CBS and NBC. The talent came largely from Broadway in the persons of Producer Leland Hayward, Choreographer Jerome Robbins and Songstresses Mary Martin and Ethel Merman.

Though overshadowed by Broadway's best, TV's own stars shone brightly enough. Wally Cox was authentic as an American bent on self-improvement; Burr Tillstrom's Kukla and Ollie sounded just the right note in their comment on old Hollywood movies. Whenever the show edged up to something as grim as war, Ed Murrow and Oscar Hammerstein II were on hand to speak with suitable gravity and—for the most part—brevity.

But the high spots of the very satisfying two hours belonged to Martin and Merman. Mary Martin was never funnier than in her one-woman (and one-dress) fashion review that dealt with all the fads from 1903 to yesterday. And, perched on stools, both Mary and Ethel whipped through a rapid-fire medley of some of the best pop songs ever written. Viewers hoped they would not have to wait another 50 years for so good a show. But if they do, it will be worth waiting for.

Play Maestro!

To celebrate its 20th year on the air, Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club* (weekdays 9 a.m., ABC, E.D.T.) this week broke a hard & fast rule by giving its studio audience something to eat. The reason: the anniversary radio show was being televised for the first time, and literal-minded TVmen felt that *Breakfast Club* guests should be shown eating breakfast.

35,000 Hoosiers, Gangling (6 ft. 2 in.) Don McNeill made no protest, though he has long flourished on the theory that he need give his fans nothing—no door prizes, no cash awards, no washing machines. The one time he violated the rule with a 1944 free offer of *Breakfast Club* membership cards taught him a lesson. More than \$50,000 requests poured in, and people still turn up at the broadcasts proudly clutching tattered, nine-year-old cardboards. McNeill's hour-long show originates from the Terrace Casino of Chicago's Morrison Hotel, but 75% of his studio audience comes from outside the city. One Indianapolis bus driver estimates that he has brought 35,000 Hoosier housewives to the show in more than a thousand chartered husbands.

Just what housewives all over the Midwest love about the *Breakfast Club* is hard to define. Don McNeill explains the show as "just a guy talking, then another guy talking, then a couple of people singing, and an orchestra. It ain't anything." But in 20 years his salary has risen from



Edmund Agnew—LIFE

MARTIN & MERMAN
Worth waiting even 50 years.

\$50 to nearly \$4,000 a week, paid by four sponsors (Swift & Co., Philco, O-Cedar and Toni). For this stipend, McNeill gives his listeners four "calls to breakfast," written to "snappy" tunes. Between songs, Don keeps things lively with what he calls "witty, quaint sayings." Samples: "Contrary to common belief, most women can keep a secret—it's the women they tell it to who can't." and "The man of today is the man who wears last year's suit and drives this year's car on next year's salary."

Ten Rules for an Introvert. Don is helped by a funnyman named Sam Cowling, whose greatest laugh-getter is his



Arthur Schatz

DON MCNEILL & FANS
Friendly even if it hurts.



Approaching picturesque Menemsha, a famous little fishing village on Martha's Vineyard Island off Massachusetts.

WHAT A RELIEF!



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN
when you need safety glass

Put yourself here, where your eyes are *protected* from the nagging strain of glare. Glare is everywhere you drive—blinding sun and sky brightness, sharp reflections and oncoming headlights. What a *relief*, to be shielded by a *shaded* windshield of E-Z-EYE Safety Plate Glass.

Light blue-green, with a deeper tone at the top of the windshield, E-Z-EYE gives you cool, clear shade to drive in, easy and relaxed. And with E-Z-EYE Safety Plate Glass in all your windows you'll feel cooler in summer because solar radiation through this glass is much less than through ordinary windows.

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and hungry business man
who travels—

Take it easy

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habit of falling over his own feet, and by Fran Allison (of *Kukla, Fran & Ollie*), who plays the part of a gabby female. The three show-stopping features are 1) "Memory Time" (mostly sentimental poems), 2) "Prayer Time" (strictly nonsectarian), and 3) "The March Around the Table," in which the kids in the audience play follow-the-leader, led by Sam Cowling. McNeill also interviews selected guests, ranging from such visiting stars as Bob Hope to such personalities as Elmer Feagin, who walked from Texarkana to Chicago to pay off a bet. Don, who classes himself as an introvert, sees his job as simply being friendly and letting the guests do the talking. He still follows the ten rules he devised 20 years ago on the subject of "How to Become a Master of Ceremonies."

Some of them:

- ¶ Wear clothes that are a little different, such as a green suit.
- ¶ Get yourself a flock of listeners who accept you as one of the family and, therefore, cheer you when you are good and, in turn, pass over your faults because they expect them.
- ¶ Be yourself, even if it hurts.
- ¶ When in doubt, say, "Play, maestro!"

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, June 26
Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

38th Parallel—U.S.A. (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). A documentary on the Korean war narrated by Will Rogers Jr.

Youth Wants to Know (Sun. 1 p.m., NBC). Guests: Senators Everett M. Dirksen and Warren G. Magnuson.

World Music Festivals (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). "Sibelius Festival," recorded in Finland.

Best Plays (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, with John Forsythe, Joan Lorring.

Railroad Hour (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). *The Man Without a Country*, with Dorothy Wenzel and Gordon MacRae.

Lux Summer Theater (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS). Jeanne Crain in *One More Spring*.

Literary Greats (Tues. 8:45 p.m., ABC). Poets Dylan Thomas and Archibald MacLeish read from their own works.

TELEVISION

First Person (Fri. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Rod Steiger in *Desert Cafe*.

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Skip Homeier in *The Lodge*.

This Is Charles Laughton (Sat. 6:15 p.m., CBS). Charles Lamb's *Dissertation upon Roast Pig*.

Mr. Wizard (Sat. 7 p.m., NBC). A good children's show, with the accent on science.

ABC Album (Sun. 7:30 p.m., ABC). *Jet Fighter*, with John Granger, Tigie Andrews.

Studio One (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). Hurd Hatfield in *Greed*.

Kraft TV Theater (Wed. 9 p.m., NBC). Jackie Cooper in *The Die-Hard*.

Ford Theater (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Ellen Drew in *Birth of a Hero*.



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Guided by one finger on the steering wheel, a Chrysler-built car slashes through hub-deep ocean surf—a tough spot for any car to be in—except with full-time power steering.

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NEW WORLDS
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When you park, or turn a corner, or drive through skittery sand, you turn up muscular energy. The result is tension and driving fatigue.

Now Chrysler engineers have taken the fatigue out of driving. They've harnessed hydraulic power to do 80% of the steering for you!

Steering now is absolutely effortless! Your finger tip turns your car wheel with ease, even at a complete standstill. Parking is a look, a turn, a straightening-up, and you're in!

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Chrysler's revolutionary power steering system reports for duty the moment you start your engine. And it stays on the job every minute your engine runs! It responds instantaneously—unlike other devices, which do not go to work until the driver has applied four or more pounds of steering pressure.

This is the *only* system that enables you to drive hour after hour without steering-wheel weariness. So relaxing is Chrysler's all-the-time steering that many doctors now are willing to allow persons to drive who before could not stand the exertion.

Even the steering ratio has been greatly reduced. Other mechanisms require up to five rotations of the



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steering wheel to turn through a full arc. The Chrysler system requires *only three*. This means faster, safer steering than you can get with any other available system.

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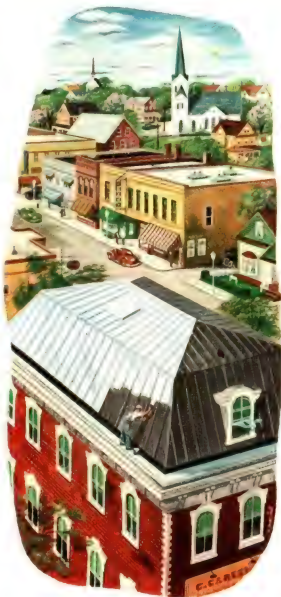
This ability of aluminum paint to hide, to protect, and to reflect challenged the imagination of scientists at Aluminum Research Laboratories more than thirty years ago. To learn to make these tiny, high-polished flakes of aluminum behave for the protection of man's works has since required the full time of many Alcoa people.

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Strong screening of Alcoa Aluminum will never rust or rot—or stain adjoining surfaces. It's easy to install—lasts for years—costs less than you'd expect.

Diggers

Plagued Villages. Early explorers told tall tales about fortified villages of agricultural Indians along the Missouri River. By the time the permanent white settlers flooded into Nebraska a few generations later, these people had almost vanished. Then the region was dominated by the fierce, nomadic Dakotas, a branch of the Sioux that had formerly been of minor importance. Archaeologists of the Smithsonian Institution, racing to beat the great dams rising along the Missouri, have been excavating Indian sites on the river bottoms. They now confirm the old tall tales.

The thing that finished off the early agricultural Indians was smallpox. The villagers along the river—the Mandans, Hidatsa, Arikara, *et al.*—held off nomadic enemies by means of their greater numbers, their fortifications and their superior culture. But when the first whites brought smallpox, the Indians were especially vulnerable. The plague swept through their densely built-up villages and killed most of their inhabitants. The Sioux were not hit as hard. When the disease appeared, the Sioux scattered, each family for itself, until the epidemic had subsided. Then, still strong, the nomads attacked the weakened villages and destroyed most of the survivors.

This is an old story to frontier historians, but until recently archaeologists have not known how many Indians had settled in pre-smallpox days along the Missouri River. The Smithsonian men have already found the sites of 500 sizable fortified villages, some of them with 400 lodges inside their walls. Had it not been for smallpox, the early settlers would have been tough adversaries for the wandering Sioux.

Smallpox leaves no marks on the bones of its victims, but the diggers found one grisly relic of the pestilence. A frontier tale has it that the plague-stricken Indians tossed their dead into food storage pits. The diggers excavated such a pit and found human skeletons in it.

Celtic Queen. "The Greeks wrote all the histories," says an academic proverb, "and gave themselves all the breaks." During their peak, the Greeks described western Europe as inhabited chiefly by unseemly savages. This ancient triumph of propaganda was somewhat damaged recently when René Joffroy, professor of philosophy and an ardent archaeologist, dug into a Celtic tomb near Châtillon-sur-Seine in eastern France.

Joffroy had long suspected that there might be tombs in his neighborhood, but for years he could find no trace of one. This year he came across some stones plowed up by farmers, and his practiced eye told him that they were the lower layer of a Celtic burial mound about 40 yards in diameter. The rest of the mound, he thinks, was probably used by invading Romans to build a nearby road.

He organized a digging party and cut a

trench. In the center of the base of the mound, he found a caved-in shaft three yards in diameter. As the dirt that had fallen into it was carefully scratched away, treasure after treasure came to light.

First came an enormous bronze "crater" (vase) weighing 330 lbs. On its handles were busts of gorgons intertwined with snakes. There were also sculptured horse-men, chariots and foot soldiers. The crater is probably Greek, but its conical lid with the statue of a robed woman is more archaic.

With the crater were bronze basins and four chariot wheels with bronze-covered hubs and iron rims. Of the chariot itself little remained, but among the bronze ornaments from its vanished sides lay the delicate skeleton of a young woman. She

Earliest Humanoids. In Algeria, Paleontologist Camille Arambourg of France's National Museum of Natural History stumbled across dim traces of primeval man. He was digging into a rich deposit of animal bones between the cities of Constantine and Sévif when he found some peculiar stones. They were about the size of a man's fist, smooth and rounded on one side and cut into rough facets on the other. At first he thought they were natural accidents, but when he found 300 of them in one small area, he decided that no accident could have brought them together. Geologists backed him up: the odd stones, they said, had been shaped artificially, not by natural forces.

Similar stones, probably held in the hand and used as crude axes or hammers, have been found elsewhere in Africa, but they are always accompanied by other kinds of stone implements. Arambourg



FORTIFIED INDIAN SETTLEMENT (UNEARTHED IN NORTH DAKOTA)

Tall tales were confirmed.

must have been (or been loved by) a person of high position, for on her head was a golden diadem weighing more than a pound, with beautifully modeled winged horses and lions' paws. Professor Joffroy does not think the crown was of local manufacture, but he has no idea where it was made.

The Celtic queen (or princess, or priestess or high courtesan) must have been a gorgeous sight as she lay in death in her chariot. Around her neck was a collar of tubular bronze. On her breast were brooches and necklaces set with amber and stones. She wore bracelets of amber and anklets of hollow bronze.

Professor Joffroy believes that the honored young woman died about 2,500 years ago, while the Greeks were fighting their Persian wars and when Rome was still a struggling young republic. The lady's people were Celts of the late Hallstatt (first iron) Age. In culture they did not rival the Greeks, but they certainly were not the dark primitives that Greek historians maligned.

concluded that the stones he found were made by an extremely primitive "humanoid" whose dim wits had discovered only this one item of stone-working technology.

No bones of the creature were found, so Arambourg cannot say what type he belonged to. Certainly he lived a long time ago. The animal bones associated with the fist-axes were of long extinct animals, including the stylohipparion (a primitive horse) and the libytherium (a short-necked giraffe). Arambourg thinks that these animals are about one million years old.

In those days, he says, Algeria had a humid tropical climate like modern Central Africa. The dry hillside where the bones were hidden was a lake shore then, swarming with large and dangerous animals. Among them slunk the weak humanoids, armed with the first of the weapons that man had created. Perhaps they killed a few of the animals. Perhaps, like hyenas, they scavenged the kills of the powerful carnivora, using their fist-axes to crack the bones for the marrow inside.

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should you smoke?



leading 27 cigarettes

Let's face the smoking situation squarely! Everybody doesn't like the same cigarette—the same cigarette doesn't like everybody... If you're looking for pleasure, plus the greatest health protection ever developed, this may help you find it!

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But of all these 27 brands, there is one which in impartial tests proved to give sensitive smokers far greater health protection than any of the others.

This cigarette is KENT with the "Micronite" Filter—undoubtedly the greatest filter development in cigarette history—and the only question is whether KENT is right for you.

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Published medical reports tell us that at least one third of this country's smokers are "sensitive smokers." That is to say—there are about 21,000,000 smokers who love a good smoke—but are unduly sensitive to the nicotine and tars in tobacco. They really NEED real health protection.

What do we mean by *real* health protection?

We mean taking *enough* irritants out of tobacco smoke to protect sensitive smokers. And there's only one way to do that. Just making a cigarette longer won't do it... neither will an inefficient filter. It takes a filter so effective that it will trap even tiny particles of nicotine and tars.

So, by *real* health protection, we mean a cigarette with a filter that *really* filters!

We mean KENT—the one cigarette you should smoke if you have the dry mouth, the "sandpaper" throat, the stale-and-edgy feeling, or any of the other symptoms of tobacco sensitivity.

KENT with the Micronite Filter

In impartial scientific tests against 26 other brands, KENT smoke proved to have far less irritants than any other cigarette of any kind.

Even more important: KENT with the Micronite Filter removes up to 7 times more nicotine and tars than other filter cigarettes.

And that's not all KENT is proving.

In an exhaustive and continuing series of chemical and physiological tests—conducted both in the P. Lorillard laboratories and by independent research scientists—KENT is providing additional convincing evidence of health protection.

These findings—which show the effects of various types of cigarettes on the human system, and put KENT in a class all by itself where health protection is concerned—have been made available to doctors.

The secret of it all

Dissatisfied with the plain cellulose, crepe paper or cotton "stuffing" used in ordinary filter cigarettes, P. Lorillard developed the Micronite Filter. It is made of the same filtering material used in atomic energy plants to purify the air of microscopic impurities.

They adapted this material for a cigarette filter—a filter so fine it removes nicotine and tar particles as small as 2/10,000 of a millimeter. It is by far the most effective filter ever developed to remove the irritants from cigarette smoke.

And yet here's the wonderful thing!

The flavor stays in

With all this health protection, KENT with the Micronite Filter still retains the mild yet full flavor of KENT's rich, fine tobaccos—tobaccos which have been expertly blended for KENT by the world's foremost blending specialists. KENT is easy on the draw, too—and gives you the most refreshing, cleanest-tasting smoke you ever enjoyed.

You should try KENT

If you think you are sensitive to nicotine and tars, you owe it to your health, and to

your sense of pleasure to try KENT with the Micronite Filter. But to be fair to yourself, and to KENT, give it a fair test. Get a carton and try smoking KENT for a week or more.

We think—in fact we know—that KENT with the Micronite Filter will prove to be the answer to the vital question you're probably asking yourself this minute:

"Which 1 of the leading 27 cigarettes should I smoke?"

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Millions of health-conscious smokers across the country are seeing on KENT's television show, "The Web," this proof of the far greater filtering effectiveness of KENT's miraculous Micronite Filter over ordinary filters:



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**Gold Bond
MASONRY
PAINTS**

RELIGION

Three in One

I believe in God the Father Almighty... And in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord... I believe in the Holy Ghost...

Thus the Apostles' Creed states the orthodox Christian concept of God. In this untheological age, how many Americans believe in the doctrine of the Trinity?

The answer, according to a survey of U.S. adults (including Jews), published in the current issue of the *Catholic Digest*, is a surprising 89%. This is only 10% less than the number who believe in God, according to another *Digest* survey published last November. "Some persons," comments the *Digest*, "might have been inclined to play down the significance of the first report... because of the variety of meanings that might be attached to the name God. But they would have a hard time trying to discount the fact that nearly 90% of them state a definite belief as to exactly what God is..."

Ninety-eight percent of those who gave their "religious preference" as Catholicism said they believed in the Trinity. Baptists were a close second, with 95%. Then came Lutherans 93%, Methodists 90%, Presbyterians and Episcopalians 89%. The combined percentage for all Protestants in the survey: 91%.

Buried or Cremated?

The dead sometimes get in the way. The editors of the Paris weekly *Le Figaro Littéraire* recently called attention to the large area of French land occupied by cemeteries. The British, said the magazine, often use cremation as an alternative to cemeteries, but the Roman Catholic Church, which has a good bit to say about French burial practices, is steadfastly opposed to it.* Then the weekly asked some distinguished French intellectuals: 1) Should the church permit cremation? 2) Would you rather be cremated or buried?

Only one man, Author Jean Schlumberger, came out in favor of cremation. His reason: "To leave the body of someone you love to rot... seems so horrible that I should much prefer the cold but short ceremony of the crematory."

For the rest, a few thought the church should permit cremation, but for himself each preferred an old-fashioned burial. Sample reasons:

Poet **Francis Ponge**: "Long live the agile and glossy worm, the agent of time, clothed in energy from the food of our bodies!"

Novelist **Marcel Jouhandeau**: "[In a decision like this], only one thing really matters. That is tradition. I was born in the tradition of the Catholic religion..."

* In a letter to the weekly, a Catholic priest quickly pointed out that the church forbids cremation, not because it interferes with the resurrection of the body (which would involve a denial of the omnipotence of God), but because burial is sanctioned by long church usage

and I am resigned, therefore, to being liturgically devoured by worms. Similarly, if I had died at Athens, in the 5th century before Christ, I should have been quite pleased to burn up on the funeral pyre. Even today, at Delhi, I would happily be put to ashes, with the exception of my navel, which I would voluntarily bequeath. Forgive me for not revealing to whom."

Poet **Paul Claudel**: "I believe that I shall have the strength to turn down the seductive prospect of cremation. The question reminds me of the story about a British statesman whose mother-in-law had died in Argentina. He received a cable asking what should be done with the body—'Bury her or cremate her?' He cabled back: 'Both. Take no chances.'"



Maurice Miller

PRESIDENT BEHNKEN
"God does not need great numbers."

Union v. Unity

Many denominations convene each year; the hard-headed, Bible-centered Lutherans of the Missouri Synod (membership: almost 2,000,000) meet only once in three years, and do a thorough job of it then. Last week they assembled in Houston for ten days of reports and plans.

One of the first things they did was to re-elect the Rev. John W. Behnken, 69, a veteran of 18 years in the job, as president of the Missouri Synod for another three years. Silver-haired President Behnken delivered an acceptance speech in which he spoke some pointed words about church union:

"There have been some people who have urged that the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod link up with other church bodies in order to have the strength of greater numbers. You hear the argument again and again that then there would be greater financial strength, or that you

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TAKE a long look at this car. See how sleek and graceful it is, how it hugs the highway. Its appearance is an invitation: it *looks* like fun to drive.

No false clue, this! Just step inside a De Soto. You'll find extra room to stretch out in, chair-level seats to relax in, and a better, safer view over a hood that slopes out of your way.

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could make greater and more effective impacts on the community or the nation or the world.

"It is not wrong to seek union with other church bodies, but this can be done only on the basis of genuine doctrinal unity . . . God does not need great numbers. It is better to stand alone and remain small in numbers, but have God on your side, than to be linked up with many church bodies to have great numbers but to have offended God."

Cure for the Virus

Priests preached no sermons last Sunday in the Roman Catholic diocese of Raleigh, N.C. Instead, they read a letter from Bishop Vincent S. Waters ending in one stroke all racial segregation in the Catholic churches of his diocese.

"Let me state here as emphatically as I can," wrote Virginia-born Bishop Waters,



Religious News Service

BISHOP WATERS

Few people came to Mass.

"that there is no segregation of races to be tolerated in any Catholic church in the diocese of Raleigh. The pastors are charged with the carrying out of this teaching and shall tolerate nothing to the contrary . . . Equal rights are accorded, therefore, to every race . . . and within the church building itself everyone is given the privilege to sit or kneel wherever he desires . . . I am not unmindful, as a Southerner, of the force of this virus of prejudice among some persons in the South, as well as in the North. I know, however, that there is a cure for this virus, and that is our faith."

Bishop Waters' first blow against segregation was his order that the two Catholic churches of Newton Grove, N.C., one white, one Negro, merge their congregations last month (TIME, June 8). On none of the four Sundays since the bishop's order have more than 84 of the combined congregation of 440 turned up for Sunday Mass. But the bishop is confident that it is just a question of time.

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(or the call of the wild!)

A wife is a good thing to have around the house.

But at times she can be the most irritating form of life.

When the girl o' your dreams secretly uses your razor to shave her legs, she'll leave it sharp as a butter knife.

It comes as a surprise when your blade removes the lather, but leaves your every bristle healthy and unbowed.

Screams of rage are useless. Murdering your wife is unlawful. To preserve your sanity, there's only one thing to do... try gleaming SILVER STAR blades.

Made of finer Swedish steel by the exclusive Duridum process, they're sharper and hold both edges longer.

Used mostly by successful executives, men who can afford the best, they're better made... and who knows, they may even stand up to a wife.

Why not ask the little lady to buy a pack of superior double-edge SILVER STAR blades for you? You might as well face it, she'll use 'em too! (20 blades 98¢) American Safety Razor Corporation.

PRECISION **ASR** PRODUCTS



SPORT

Beyond the Flag

Sim Iness of the University of Southern California is an amiable young fellow of awesome proportions: 6 ft. 6 in., 250 lbs. Standing in the discus circle at the N.C.A.A. championships last week, Iness prepared for his final toss. Some 15,000 pairs of eyes were on him as he mopped his brow, pursed his lips, frowned, crouched, then went into his spin.

Downfield, 186 ft. 11 in. away, a little red flag fluttered beckoningly. It marked the world record.

For more than a year, in the Olympics and in U.S. competition, Sim Iness had come tantalizingly close to the record. This time he got the plate-shaped discus off powerfully and easily. High and far it spun, then came down with a clunk—on the far side of the little red flag. Excited officials pegged the spot, then made a careful measurement: 190 ft. 2 in., more than 3 ft. farther than the world record set in 1949 by Minnesota's Fortune Gordien.

Sim Iness jubilantly tossed his towel in the air. But he was frankly a little surprised by his heave: "The discus left my hand so easy I didn't figure it was going very far. I never spun harder, but I didn't even finish with a grunt."

Other intercollegiate record-breakers at the Lincoln, Neb. meet:

¶ Kansas University Miller Wes Santee, who whipped the field by 25 yds. with a sparkling 1:03.7 race, just 1.3 sec. slower than the American record he set fortnight ago (TIME, June 15).

¶ Southern California Shotputter Parry O'Brien, who heaved the 16-lb. ball 58 ft. 7½ in., breaking his own N.C.A.A. record, but falling seven and one-eighth inches short of his own world record.

"The Greatest Crew"

Not since the Olympics at Helsinki last summer, when they whipped the Russians in the final quarter mile, had Navy's undefeated crew faced such a challenge. Navy, sprint champions of the East at 2,000 meters, faced the rangy oarsmen of the University of Washington, undefeated this season and determined to revenge their poor showing in last year's Olympic trials. Moreover, the three-mile distance of the Syracuse Regatta was made to order for long-ranging Washington, while Navy had not raced beyond a mile and three quarters all season. Posted conspicuously in the Washington boathouse was the sign: "Sink the Navy."

Although there were nine other varsity crews in the championship race, the majority of the crowd of 18,000 which lined the banks of Lake Onondaga had eyes only for Navy and Washington. At the referee's shout of "Ready all... Row!", Navy spurred off at 40 strokes a minute. The fast start gave Navy a slim lead over Washington at the half-mile mark. By then, following the pre-race instructions of its canny Coach Rusty Callow, Navy began to save strength, switched to a long,



Mark Kauffman—LIFE

DISCUS THROWER INESS

Frown, crouch, swing—and clunk.

easy 28-stroke-a-minute beat, to have plenty left for a finish sprint.

At the two-mile mark, it was Navy, Cornell and Washington, with a bare length separating the first from the third shell. Half a mile from the finish, Washington made its bid. Pouring on the power, the Huskies sprinted past Cornell and began to crowd Navy. But Navy was ready. Upping stroke to 39, Navy met the challenge, then crushed it and slowly pulled away.

At the finish, it was Navy by more than a length; it meant the intercollegiate title and Navy's 20th straight victory, longest undefeated record in rowing history. A surprisingly strong Cornell crew nipped Washington for second place. After the

BASEBALL'S BIG TEN

The major-league leaders after ten weeks of play:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Team: Milwaukee (by 2½ games)
Pitcher: Surkont, Milwaukee (9-1)
Batter: Schoendienst, St. L. (.344)
Runs Batted In: Campanella.

Brooklyn (62)

Home Runs: Mathews, Mil. (20)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Team: New York (by 1½ games)
Pitcher: Lopat, New York (8-0)
Batter: Vernon, Washington (.333)
Runs Batted In: Mantle.

New York (51)

Home Runs: Zernial, Phila. (18)



NEW KIND OF SEERSUCKER SUIT WASHES WITHOUT LOSING ITS PRESS

The seersucker is just about the coolest summer suit that has ever been made. Now it is available in a new form, in a combination of 60% "Orlon" and 40% cotton. You can wear it time and again without its losing its press. You can wash it, take it out of the machine before the spin-dry cycle and hang it up while it's still wet—

Du Pont makes fibers, does not make fabrics or garments.

it will dry with the *press still in!* It's ready to wear as is, or you may want to give it a final touch with a cool iron.

While the supply of seersuckers, cords and tropicals of "Orlon" acrylic fiber is greater this year than last, it is still limited. So shop now while your favorite store still has a wide selection.



"Orlon" is Du Pont's trade-mark for its acrylic fiber.

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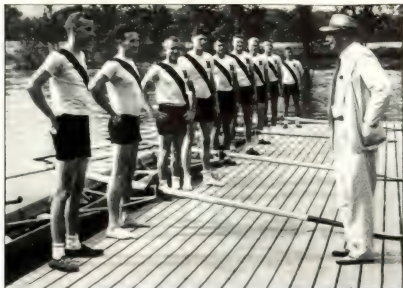
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COACH CALLOW & NAVY OARSMEN
Sprint, save sprint—and away.

Sherman Sutton

race, Navy Coach Callow, 62, dean of U.S. crew coaches, handed his team an accolade: "The greatest I have ever coached." It was Callow's hail & farewell to an eight-man crew of seniors. Same day, his junior varsity crew, on which Navy must build next year, lost to Washington's j.v. by six lengths.

The Dancing Master

Carl ("Boho") Olson is a lean (5 ft. 10½ in.) and hungry-looking middleweight (160 lbs.), who learned to defend himself in the tough Kaliki section of Honolulu, where street-fighting is a normal pastime. Paddy Young is a stocky (5 ft. 8 in.) middleweight, who learned his punching as a stevedore on Manhattan's rough & tumble waterfront.

At Madison Square Garden last week, the ex-street fighter and the ex-stevedore, both now 24 and duly coached and polished in Marquis of Queensberry niceties, met for the American middleweight championship, a title which has been vacant since Sugar Ray Robinson retired. Also at stake: a world title bout with European Champion Randy Turpin in August. Punching Paddy Young's campaign plan was simple: bore in swinging for a knockout. Boho Olson, a far fancier fighter, figured to win on points.

Boho quickly proved that he is one of the best dancing masters of the modern ring. Circling in a leftward two-step to avoid Paddy Young's sharp left hook, feinting, bobbing and weaving, he made Paddy miss more often than he hit. Meanwhile, from Boho's own rights and lefts came a tattoo of light, flicking jabs, hooks, crosses, counters and slaps.

In the eighth round, confidently careless, Boho caught one of Paddy's wild hooks flush in the face and faltered. But he recovered and went back to the business of demolishing Paddy with a barrage of flicks. Sturdy Paddy Young did not go

down, but he seemed to grow perceptibly slier and slower.

In the 15th round, a ringside reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune* devoted himself to counting Boho's punches: 117 in three minutes. Cut and bleeding, Paddy Young stayed gamely on his feet. But at the bell, Paddy raised Boho's gloved hand in the air before the referee had a chance to do so. "Why not?" Young mumbled later. "By then, everyone knew he was the champ."

Scoreboard

¶ In London, America's top-ranking tennis player, 39-year-old Gardner Mulloy, angrily hurled his racket at a linesman and stormed off the Queens Club court after he was beaten, 6-8, 7-5, 8-6, by Australian Rex Hartwig, an unseeded player, in the London tennis tournament. Fumed Mulloy: "I should have won. I was robbed."*

¶ In New York, Yankee Johnny Mize became the 93rd player in major-league history to hit safely 2,000 times. The only other members of the 2,000-hit club in active service: Stan Musial of the St. Louis Cardinals, Bob Elliott of the Chicago White Sox.

¶ In Boston, during a seventh-inning bombardment of the last-place Detroit Tigers, the Red Sox (1) scored 17 runs, three of them by Catcher Sammy White, (2) clouted 14 hits, three of them by Left-fielder Gene Stephens, to set four modern baseball records for hits & runs in a single inning. Boston's winning score: 23 to 3.

¶ At Kings Point, N.Y., Harvard's Charles S. Hoppin and James Nathanson breezed off with the national intercollegiate dinghy sailing trophy for the second straight year.

* To which the London *Daily Mirror* retorted: "It's a game, Mulloy. It's a game. Games are meant to be for fun. Games are played for pleasure."

DELAWARE VALLEY, U. S. A.



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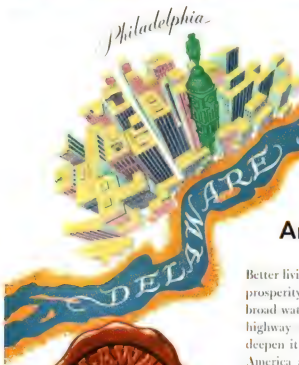
are springing up on the rolling farmlands that now are growing crops of homes.

In the next seven pages, leading Delaware Valley organizations interpret this significant industrial activity which is taking place in their front yard. There is room, they point out, for many more industries, services, and people than are already here or headed this way. They know the cultural, historical, recreational and scenic facilities for living the *good life* in their Valley—and they invite you to share them.

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FAIRLESS WORKS of United States Steel typifies the remarkable industrial development of the Delaware Valley. At Morrisville, Pa., across from Trenton, this is the largest fully integrated steel mill ever to be built at one time, an investment of \$400,000,000 in America's future. About 6,000 people will be employed. Ore will come in by ship—steel products will go out by ship.



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It could tell you of clipper ships sailing to Atlantic docks before the turn of the century... how they have given way to the super-tankers of today, to the massive refinery equipment that turns crude oil into products that lubricate the Delaware Valley's machines, fuel its cars and trucks, heat its people's homes, provide chemicals, waxes, and hundreds of the other things used by its industries in the manufacture of the nation's goods.

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Today, Atlantic has expanded far beyond the valley. It has found oil fields, added refining facilities, water terminals, and bulk plants in other areas.

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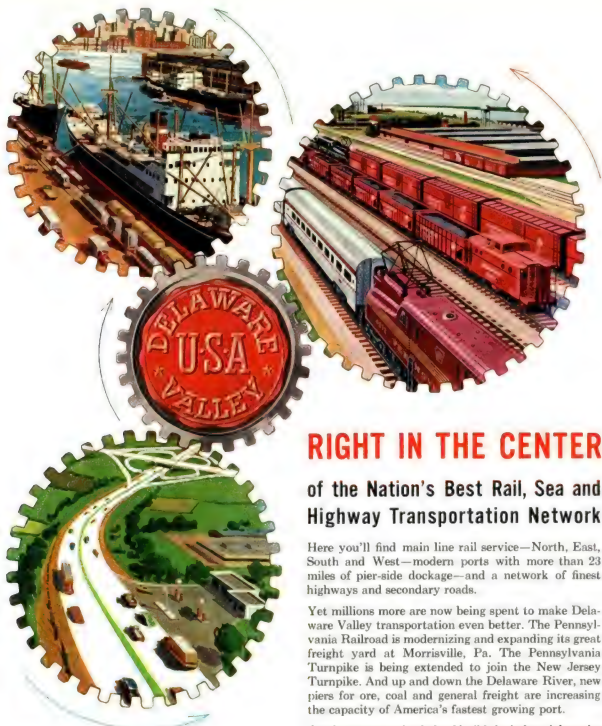
But it all began here in the valley. And if the river could talk, it could tell you of the dynamic activity now

going on as Atlantic prepares to serve new industries in the valley, as well as those afield, with the same competence that has become an Atlantic tradition.



The Atlantic Refining Company
Incorporated 1920





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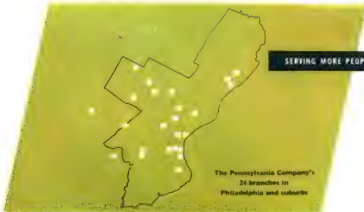
Our services to correspondent banks include access to large credit files, air mail check clearance and 24-hour-a-day transit operations. To businessmen planning to trade in this lucrative market we offer valuable counsel based on long and intimate knowledge of the Philadelphia scene. We hope you will call on us the next time you are in Philadelphia.

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The Philadelphia Inquirer

Constructively Serving The World's Greatest Industrial Area



MEDICINE

Analysts & Bartenders

The commonest form of heart attack is a coronary thrombosis: a blood clot in an artery supplying the heart muscle checks the blood flow and starves the muscle. To overcome this handicap, the heart must labor excessively; like a car on a steep grade in high gear, it pings alarmingly and may stall. A noted Canadian psychiatrist suggested last week that the basic cause of the trouble may be found, not where doctors have been looking, in the patient's physical exertions or his arteries, but in his emotional problems.

Ottawa's Dr. John P. S. Cathcart told the Canadian Psychiatric Association in Winnipeg that medical records have been "amazingly silent" on the emotional state of patients who have coronary attacks. But his studies have convinced him that the attacks nearly always occur at times of high emotional tension. In general, job and family stresses are the most important factors in attacks of this kind. Dr. Cathcart believes. The most common single strain which leads to thrombosis: loss or threatened loss of a loved one.

Psychiatrist Cathcart noted that the death rate from coronary attacks among psychoanalysts has been much higher than among doctors generally. "Recent statistics indicate that bartenders share the top rung of the mortality ladder with the analysts . . . Both are dealing constantly with the frailties of human nature and are witness daily to hostility in naked form, but are forced to restrain themselves . . . from taking issue . . . The incidence is low among manual workers, but the wives of laborers are more often affected than their husbands. The difference may be due to budget or family problems."

Coronary disease is an increasingly important problem, Dr. Cathcart said, both because it is becoming relatively commoner and because it is invading the younger age group. "It is no longer rare to see coronaries or coronary deaths in the early 30s." What to do for a patient whose history shows that there is a danger of coronary attack? "The current accent on the avoidance of overexertion is somewhat misplaced, and in most cases, except those with severe heart-muscle damage, avoidance of emotional stress is more important." Or, as Dr. Cathcart put it for his professional audience: "A useful anticoagulant is peace of mind."

Sheriff's Graft

The patient admitted to Houston's Methodist Hospital on New Year's Eve was 46, a county sheriff by occupation and a fine figure of a man. But for months he had had such severe pains in his back and belly that he had to be given opiates several times a day. Drs. Michael E. De Bakey and Denton A. Cooley found from X rays that the sheriff had a massive aneurysm of the descending aorta—an enlargement of the great artery which carries blood from the heart to the abdomi-

nal organs and the legs. The aneurysm, formed where the artery's walls had been weakened by disease, was so big (8 in. across) that it was pushing organs out of place and was wearing away part of the sheriff's spine.

There was nothing to do but cut out the length of distorted aorta and replace it with an arterial graft—an operation which was unthinkable until a few years ago. Recently, however, with the setting up of artery banks, more and more daring surgical feats of this type have succeeded. In last week's A.M.A. Journal, the two Houston doctors reported on what they believe is the first successful operation on an aneurysm high in the chest.

Under ether, the sheriff's chest was opened, and the surgeons clamped off the aorta on both sides of the enlargement. As

Push-Button Hospital

Mrs. Lois Harris, 22, leaned back luxuriously in her bed, which can be raised or lowered for comfort simply by pressing a button, and declared: "This is really living. Modern homes have nothing on this." Her roommate, Mrs. Helen Sigmund, 26, agreed. Tired for the moment of looking through the plate-glass sliding doors at the shrub-covered hillside above Los Angeles' famed Sunset Boulevard, she simply reached up and pulled a switch. Automatically, yellow cloth curtains rippled across, closing in the room. Said Mrs. Sigmund: "We'll be spoiled rotten by the time they take us home."

The setting for this sybaritic living was no luxury hotel, though it looked like one from the outside. It was the new Kaiser Foundation Hospital, opened last week for the 95,000 area subscribers to Henry J. Kaiser's prepaid medical and hospital-



MOTHER & CHILD IN LOS ANGELES' NEW KAISER HOSPITAL
The cradle will roll.

soon as they removed enough of the mass to give themselves working space, they cut the aorta at each side. Into the gap they stitched a 6-in. piece of aorta taken from another patient, a Negro who had died of injuries a few days earlier. It took 45 minutes from the time the clamps shut off the blood flow to the lower organs for the surgeons to stitch the graft in place and remove the clamps, letting the blood flow resume. (The whole operation took 4½ hours.) The sheriff's brain was never threatened, as it received its normal blood supply from a higher-branching artery. And the interruption in blood flow did not even damage his kidneys. This, said the doctors, means that the operation is safer and can be done more easily than might have been expected.

Attesting the success of the operation, the sheriff was back on the job within six weeks, and at last reports was free of pain, feeling fine and had gained 40 lbs.

care plan. To shy, freckled Dr. Sidney Garfield, head of the eleven-hospital Kaiser chain, the ultra-modern Los Angeles unit comes near to fulfilling a 20-year dream: the perfect hospital from the point of view of patients, visitors, nurses and doctors.

Breakfast at 8:30. Instead of a single central corridor for patients and visitors, corpses and dinner wagons, there are three corridors. The central one is used by doctors, nurses and patients. Balconies on each side of the building serve as corridors for visitors, who thus cannot get in the way or see what they should not see. At intervals along the work corridor are stations for nurses, who serve only four rooms each, thus saving countless steps and precious time. Surgeon Garfield has arranged the four operating rooms in a clover-leaf pattern around a central instrument room. The hospital's five lower floors are for regular medical, surgical and

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3 BULL'S-EYES

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obstetrical cases, the two top floors for convalescent patients, who can lounge and walk around at will. They enjoy this extra freedom, and can be waited on by maids, thus saving nurses' time.

To Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Sigmund, maternity patients on the second floor, one of the hospital's best features is that patients are not rudely waked at dawn to have breakfast forced upon them. Breakfast comes at 8:30, after a natural awakening and a leisurely toilette.

Babies in the Drawer. Another boon is the modified "rooming-in" for babies. Alongside the head of each mother's bed is a drawer-like arrangement with a plate-glass front. Last week, Mrs. Harris reached over, pulled out the drawer and there in a bassinet snuggled Cynthia, three days old. When she had finished cooing at the baby, Mrs. Harris pushed the drawer back, and Cynthia was again in the semiprivate nursery which she shared with Mrs. Sigmund's baby. When Mrs. Harris closed the drawer, a light flashed on in the central corridor, showing the nurse on duty that Cynthia was once again in her charge.

For all its gadgets, the Kaiser hospital cost no more than the current big-city average: \$3,000,000 for 210 beds in private and semiprivate rooms. Its charges for those who are not members of the Kaiser plan are not out of line—\$15 a day in a double room and \$25 in a single, and members seldom pay more than their monthly dues. But to the patients the money means less than the atmosphere. Said Mrs. Sigmund: "It's really nice to be in a hospital that's so pleasant instead of like a jail."

Capsules

¶ Doctors and patients should not be scared away from the use of new and powerful drugs by warnings of their dangers or reports of occasional deaths, said the *New England Journal of Medicine*: "To withhold or ban most such drugs would reverse medical progress and lead to the death of many patients who might have been saved by the proper use of the drug."

¶ Well-meaning efforts to free victims of cerebral palsy from the stigma of mental inferiority have gone too far, said Manhattan Psychologist Harold Michal-Smith. Granted that the two conditions do not always go together, he said, they often do, and unless this fact is faced squarely, the retarded victims do not get the special schooling which can help them greatly.

¶ Several victims of Parkinson's disease, for which no effective treatment had been known, have been freed of their uncontrollable shaking and restored to near-normal life by a new brain operation, reported New York University's Dr. Irving S. Cooper. Discovered by chance when an accident happened during surgery for another purpose, the operation involves opening the skull and shutting down an artery in the brain with silver clamps which are left in place. One patient, 50, palsied for 18 years that he could not stand, hold a book, feed or clothe himself, now does all those things, and plays golf.

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- 83% of population
- 80% of retail sales
- 81% of food sales
- 89% of new capital expenditures
- 84% of effective buying income

Philadelphia Trading Area (14 counties)

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MUSIC

Blue Chip

Perry Como is one of the blue-chip men of the crooning business; in ten years his records have sold close to 35 million copies. Most of his hits have been well-mannered, smoothly sung ballad numbers, such as *Prisoner of Love*, *I'm Always Chasing Rainbows, II*. And until two years ago, he had his regular share of smash successes (1,000,000 records or more) with this formula. Then Perry hit a slump.

His best new numbers were selling only about 200,000 to 300,000 copies, and while such sales would be seventh heaven to many a singer, they made Como think. Last summer he was talked into dropping in on some of the dealers around the

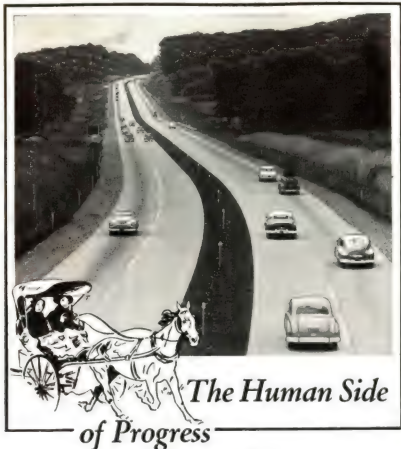


CROONER COMO
From big buyers, a revelation.

country on the days when the big jukebox buyers were going over the new records. "They'd put a record on for only four or eight bars, and then take it off. I said, 'What's this?'" The jukebox buyers told him that they were listening for tunes which opened with loud but short introductions, and then carried on with snappy tempos. To Como, who favored slow tunes, long introductions and a big finish, this was a revelation.

Back in Manhattan, where he records for RCA Victor, Como did a song called *Don't Let the Stars Get in Your Eyes*. It had a blaring introduction and a frantic Latin rhythm. The jukebox operators ate it up; so did individual record buyers. *Stars* sold a whopping 1,500,000 copies, and Como was out of the slump. Since then, he has tried to pepper his regular output of ballads with such offbeat songs as the galloping *Wild Horses* (TIME, March 16). For these special numbers, says Como, "instead of building up to a climax, I build down."

This week Como, 41, onetime barber in Canonsburg, Pa., celebrated his tenth year as a recording singer, devoted his CBS television program to a roundup of his hit



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Construction of this \$65,000,000 link, begun in 1952, will be completed in 1954. Eventually, it will connect by bridge with the New Jersey Turnpike. Its completion will give the motoring public a 360-mile, four-lane divided superhighway across the Appalachians... open in all weather... and without a single stop light... traffic crossing... sharp curve... or steep grade... and free from the hazard of pedestrian traffic.



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songs. He plans to use his old style whenever he feels like it, and the same with the new. But "I'll sing anything my fans want me to sing. If I don't, I might as well go back to the barbershop."

The Girl from Wheeling

Vienna had heard of Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera, but it did not expect that a voice which had pleased the Met would necessarily be good enough to please Vienna. The Viennese suspended judgment when they heard that an American soprano named Eleanor Steber, born in Wheeling, W. Va., was coming to town for a lead role in their June music festival. Soprano Steber, making the first continental tour of her career, suspended judgment, too. By last week she was the hit of Vienna.

Steber's test came in a concert-version revival of Richard Strauss's fairy-tale opera, *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (The Woman Without a Shadow), and in a soprano



Entertainment Weekly

SOPRANO STEBER
For a white gazelle, a thrill.

role which Vienna's beloved Maria Jeritza introduced to the Viennese in 1910. The story: an emperor on a hunt sees a white gazelle, and when he throws his spear at her, she turns into a woman. The emperor takes her home and makes her his wife. But the new empress does not cast a shadow, and, uneasily, the emperor realizes that his bewitching wife is not really human. By the time Soprano Steber got her shadow (by learning human compassion), she had earned a full ovation from the opera-loving Viennese.

Said Conductor Karl Boehm after the first performance: "America can be proud to have such a singer." Last week, after a repeat performance, the Vienna State Opera announced that the soprano from Wheeling had been invited to sing in Vienna next year just as much as her Metropolitan Opera schedule will allow. Said Eleanor Steber: "That I was accepted singing Strauss in Vienna is so thrilling that I still find it hard to believe."

© For more of a famed son of Wheeling, see BUSINESS.

TIME, JUNE 29, 1953

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and manufacture of Philco products. No saving in costs, no economy of production is permitted to reduce even in the slightest, Philco's most rigid standards of performance and dependability. The Philco name on any product is assurance of the finest quality money can buy for the price you pay. This policy of *Quality First* has made Philco the world's largest radio and television manufacturer and an outstanding leader in the home appliance field. First in public demand in television . . . unchallenged leader in radio, and the standard of style and performance in home appliances! Philco, Delaware Valley, U.S.A. . . . Famous for Quality the World Over!



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HEINTZ—U. S. Pioneer in COLD EXTRUSION OF STEEL

FROM rumors that sifted into Washington during World War II, it appeared that the Germans, experts in the use of "ersatz" materials and methods, were producing certain small munitions by a radically different process. From information obtained by a technical-intelligence team at the end of the war, William J. Meinel, president of Heintz Manufacturing Co., recognized that the Germans were actually cold-extruding common steel; realized the tremendous possibilities of such a process in the production of munitions, and in commercial applications. Mr. Meinel persuaded Army Ordnance to let Heintz translate the papers, and under an experimental contract, the translations together with data and drawings were made available to U.S. manufacturers through a book produced by Heintz and released through the U.S. Department of Commerce.

¶ Since this dramatic start, more than seven years ago, Heintz, through intensive research and development which included many techniques never dreamed of by the Germans, have brought the cold extrusion of steel to a practical process that has warranted investment in a new \$7 million plant now nearly completed in Philadelphia.

¶ Cold extrusion is the forming of steel at room temperatures into various shapes, through the use of extreme pressures as high as 315,000 pounds per square inch. Such extreme pressures required new methods of tooling and lubrication, developed by Heintz, and now available to all manufacturers.

¶ Cold extrusion has brought great, dramatic economies. An example, and not an unusual one, is the 75 mm. shell, produced by Heintz through cold extrusion, first anywhere in the world. Similar shells were formerly made by hot forging and machining from 22.6 pounds of high-priority steel, to produce a finished product weighing only 10.75 pounds. Less than half of the metal was left in the finished product . . . more than 90% scrap! Made by cold extrusion, the same size shell starts with only 11.3 pounds of steel, and common steel instead of more critical grades. The reduction in scrap is more than 90%!

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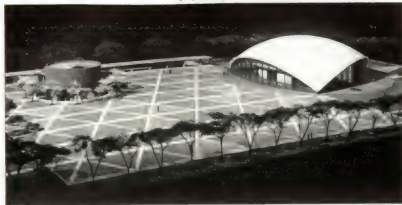
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ART



MODEL OF SAARINEN'S CHAPEL (LEFT) & AUDITORIUM
Is this really a church?

Challenge to the Rectangle

Bostonians will have to get used to some radical new architecture across the Charles River Basin on the M.I.T. campus. In 1950, M.I.T. commissioned Michigan Architect Eero Saarinen, whose wick-etlike design for a Jefferson memorial in St. Louis caused a sensation five years ago (TIME, March 8, 1945), to submit plans for a new campus center with auditorium and chapel. Saarinen's idea: to challenge the age-old rectangle with a new pattern of spheres, cylinders and triangles.

Architect Saarinen's auditorium is as simple and modern as an airplane hangar; he sees it as a huge, concrete shell, one-eighth of a sphere, planted on the ground at three points. Advantages of the triangular dome, according to Saarinen: speaker and audience seem closer together; space and materials are saved. Inside the auditorium are two levels, a lower for a small theater, an upper for a large, 1,200-seat

hall in which students will sit under a sky of white, sound-reflecting "clouds" hung from the dome. Total estimated cost: \$2,250,000.

Saarinen's small (130 seats) chapel is just as unusual—a simple cylinder of brick or stone that belongs to no century and looks somewhat like an oil storage tank. Since there are no windows, Architect Saarinen has set it on arches in a moat to get a dappled light effect something like Capri's Blue Grotto. The altar is near the wall dramatically spotlighted from a small bell tower in the ceiling. Outside, to tie the whole project together, Architect Saarinen has designed a majestic plaza set with a mosaic of colored stones, possibly pink, grey and blue triangles.

M.I.T.'s officers liked the auditorium, but they balked at the chapel. Said Building Committee Chairman Robert M. Kimball: "Seeing it for the first time, a person wonders if this is really a church. Worship doesn't mean the same thing to all people.

It wasn't until we began to get the feel of what Saarinen was trying to create that we really appreciated the design." After months of discussion, M.I.T.'s corporation finally approved the chapel. Work on the auditorium has already started.

Muscles by Masters

Most artists like live models, but there was a time when painters preferred dead ones. Florence's great master Antonio Pollaiuolo (1420-93) carefully studied a corpse with its skin peeled away for his *Battle of the Nudes*. Pollaiuolo had just discovered muscles. As a result, his *Nudes* bulged with biceps like characters from one of Bernarr Macfadden's "beefcake" magazines. Pollaiuolo was a first artist to make a first-hand study of what lay under the skin, and he touched off an artistic revolution. How far that revolution carried was shown last week by Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art in an exhibit of *Art and Anatomy*.

Dissection in Secret. Curator A. (for Alpheus) Hyatt Mayor chose 100-odd prints and paintings calculated to fascinate both students and medical men. Until Pollaiuolo, the only artists who seriously studied anatomy were the Greeks. Since dissection was forbidden by their religion, they carefully watched athletes in the gymnasium. Medieval art was less concerned with reproducing correct anatomical detail than with expressing the subject's inner light. Dissection was still frowned upon in those days (though doctors often carried it on in secret).

With the Renaissance, artists returned to anatomy and, after Pollaiuolo, went in for it the big way. Leonardo Da Vinci learned through dissection (by the end of the 15th century the church had approved the practice), did countless sketches and cross sections, working to get just the right swell of a biceps, the right organ in the right place. The Metropolitan shows a

THE GLORY OF GLASS

The history of stained glass stretches back, like an increasingly brilliant hall, to the 11th century. There it shatters into fragments and disappears. Historians now only guess that the art developed first in the Middle East, as an offshoot of mosaic making, since stained-glass windows are nothing but translucent mosaics held together by lead.

In the Middle Ages, the very faith of Europe came to life in the cathedrals' stained-glass windows. The artists who made them were revered, but most of their names are forgotten. The art reached its highest level in France, and France's earliest known fragment is a "Head of Christ" (opposite) made in the mid-11th century for a church at Wissembourg in Alsace. The turquoise and ruby glow of its colors, the economy of its drawing, and the sorrowing intensity of its expression make the little medallion (reproduced at close to full size) a priceless masterpiece. It had an honored place last week in one of the summer's most important exhibitions: a 63-item survey of French stained glass up through the 16th century, at Paris' Museum of Decorative Arts.

The show consists chiefly of glass which was crated for safekeeping before World War II. One of the churches it came from was destroyed in the war; others were still standing but not yet ready to have their windows back. Curator Jacques

Guerin staged the exhibition with dramatic solemnity, to the accompaniment of recorded church music. The galleries were illuminated by the exhibits themselves, artificially lit from behind. It was, said Guerin proudly, "the first exhibition of its kind ever held. I don't think it will ever again be possible to assemble such a collection."

With stained glass, as with most other art forms, the purest blooms were among the first to appear. The "Head of Christ," for example, outlines the more recent and more sophisticated works on the following page. From the awkward but highly animated and magnificently colored "Saint Martin" through the comparatively slick, elaborate "Pierre de Mortain" to the mannered "Sibyl," the panels show a steady change from simple, abstract design to naturalistic representation.

But stained glass lends itself best to abstract or symbolic art. Naturalism taxes the powers of the medium too heavily. (Assembled from bright bits and pieces, stained glass lacks the shading and blurring needed to create an illusion of depth.) For the last 400 years, not a single masterpiece has been done in glass. With the 20th century return to abstract and symbolic art, stained glass might come into its own once more. Last week enthusiastic young painters swelled the ranks of the 1,200 visitors who each day crowded to see the great past glory of glass.



"THE SIBYL." EARLY 16TH CENTURY WINDOW, SHOWS INFLUENCE OF ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.



"PIERRE DE MORTAIN" IS 14TH CENTURY PORTRAIT OF A CHURCH BENEFACTOR.

"SAINT MARTIN." IN 13TH CENTURY PANEL CUTS HIS CLOAK IN TWO TO SHARE WITH BEGGAR.



Black Star

precise study by Leonardo of a baby in a womb. Raphael spent long hours dissecting; Curator Mayor shows how his later figures lose their smooth look and take on bone structure and strong, adult muscles. Not until 1543, when the Belgian Anatomist Andreas Vesalius published his book of superb anatomical drawings, did artists have a text to go by.

Pinups in Palaces. Among the most notable items in the show: a heroic *Judith and Holofernes* by Rubens, a precise and touching portrait of a half-nude woman by Rembrandt, a vicious Hogarth called *The Reward of Cruelty*, which shows the dissection of a murderer's corpse in gruesome detail. The exhibit also shows that, once they had learned their anatomy,



The Metropolitan Museum of Art
POLLAIUOLO'S "BATTLE" (DETAIL)

Some liked beefcake, some cheesecake, many artists proceeded to paint the human form not as it was but as they thought it ought to be. The Fontainebleau school (started in the 16th century) created elegant cheesecake pin-ups of an elongated grace, their charms carefully exaggerated in some places, to which polite French art has remained faithful to this day. ("They change the hairdo," says Curator Mayor, "but never the girl.")

The U.S.'s Thomas Eakins, who died in 1916, was the last of the great painters who wielded both brush and scalpel. Today, dissection is virtually unknown among painters. But, even though modern artists have done their best to distort and destroy the human form in their work, they still cannot get away from anatomy. Draftsmen like Dali and Tchelitchev go back to the medical books, delight in drawing bloodshot eyes and weird faces with veins and sinews outlined through glassy skin. Even Picasso and Matisse (some of whose drawings are in the exhibit) owe a debt to the Renaissance's Antonio Pollaiuolo and the dissectionists. With a few deft strokes of their pens, the two great moderns suggest, with pride and perfection, a woman kneeling or a languid nude.



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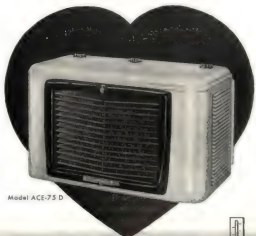
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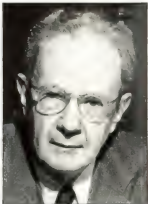
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HUDNUT



LEFSCHETZ

An egg, a dog and plenty of cake.

Goodbye, Messrs. Chips

Each year, U.S. colleges and universities must say goodbye to many a famed and favorite figure. Among 1953's retirements:

Duke's **William T. ("Lap") Laprade**, 69, who started teaching history at Durham's little Trinity College in 1909, went right on without turning a hair as the college vanished in a cloud of tobacco smoke and emerged as one of the richest and most gothic of U.S. universities. A specialist on the 18th century, Lap paced about his platform, waved his arms, laced his lectures with gossip bulletins about the scandals and scoundrels, the brains and bunglers, of the courts and cabinets of yore. Pretending never to be satisfied ("Well," he would say of the best of papers, "this isn't as bad as it could be"), he was happiest holding forth in his own parlor, laughing squeakily at his own jokes, acting out the great scenes of history (his most impressive performance: the routing of the Armada) and merrily stuffing his student guests with quantities of Mrs. Laprade's cookies, cakes and coffee.

Indiana's Geologist **Jesse James Galloway**, 70, expert on foraminifera (a group of microfossils) and the first man to give a course in micropaleontology. In his 24 years at Indiana, he taught hundreds of students how to tell a fossil's age, was always so fascinated by his own subject

that he once flabbergasted the officials of a busy bank by crawling about on his hands and knees, searching for fossils in the marble wall. Though a tough teacher (during an examination he strolled among his students whistling *Have You Forgotten So Soon?*), he had an unorthodox contempt for scientific gobbledegook: "If it looks like a dog, smells like a dog and bites me," he would say, "well, I call it a dog!"

Harvard's **Joseph Hudnut**, 67, dean of the Graduate School of Design. A shy, mild-mannered man, Hudnut started out as a designer of gothic churches, later, in disgust, switched to modern ("I could never manage romantic old graveyards"). He denounced many a U.S. public building: the National Gallery was a "death mask of an ancient culture." The Jefferson Memorial "an egg on a pantry shelf in . . . a geometric Sahara." Grant's Tomb a "ponderous, huge monster." With Architects Walter Gropius and Marcel Breuer, he turned Harvard into the top school of modern architecture in the U.S.

Howard's **Alain Locke**, 66, a fussy little (5 ft., 4 in., 104 lbs.) man with a shabby old briefcase, known to scholars all over the U.S. as the foremost Negro philosopher. At Harvard Locke studied under Royce. James and Santayana, went

on to Oxford as the first Negro Rhodes scholar. Since 1912, his pince-nez quivering on his nose, he has prodded and cajoled two generations of students into raising the intellectual sights of their race: "A minority is only safe & sound in terms of its social intelligence . . . When you're up against the mass irrationality of racism, social sanity is the only antidote."

Princeton's **Solomon Lefschetz**, 68, whip-cracking, bristle-topped chairman of the mathematics department. Educated in France to be an engineer, Moscow-born Professor Lefschetz turned to mathematics after losing both hands in a laboratory accident, eventually became a top topologist and the formulator of two major theorems (the Lefschetz fixed point theorem and the Lefschetz duality theorem). To his colleagues, he was known as "G.W.F."—the Great White Father, who hustled and hustled, heckled and ruffled from 5 in the morning until late at night. "Here's to Papa, Solomon L., his fellow mathematicians wrote. "Irrepressible as Hell." When laid at last beneath the sod, He'll then begin to heckle God."

Southern California's **William C. de Mille**, 74, brother of Cecil, father of Dancer-Choreographer Agnes, and head of the department of drama. Though his father's dying wish was that neither of his sons should go into show business, William followed his brother to Hollywood and

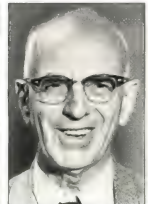
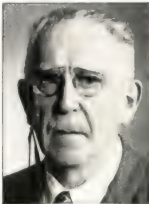
EDUCATION



LOHMANN



DE MILLE

C. T. ALDRICH
HALPINHouse: Otis Jack Turner
LEFSCHETZ

A clock, a dolphin and lots of hay.

directed films before going to U.S.C. There, waving his cigar or twiddling with the black cord of his pince-nez, he preached his own brand of perfection—whether in the theater (where students called him "papa"), or on the tennis court (where players called him "Junior"), or as president of the Catalina Tuna Club, where he set a record with a 32-lb. dolphin. But William's ways were never like his brother's: "While I would be parting the Red Sea," said Cecil of his directing, "Bill would be in the corner of his set with one or two actors, giving as much attention to drawing out of them an exquisite, finely shaded performance as I would be giving to 5,000 extras in a thousand chariots."

Wisconsin's **James G. Halpin**, 70, professor of poultry husbandry, who revved up the egg industry by advocating longer hours for hens. Since his experiments, hen-coop lights have been blazing at night all over the U.S., and farmers by the hundreds have turned to Jimmie Halpin for help. Squatting on the ground, or plumping his feet up on a table, the professor would advise on vitamins and sweet milk, meat and fish and calcium. His latest crusade: "Fitting poultry into grassland farming. Hay for hens—that's our theme."

Yale's crotchety, choleric **Carl Lohmann**, 65, for 26 years secretary of the university that has gradually become known to thousands of Yalermen as "The Holy Lohmann Empire." A member of the class of 1910, Lohmann helped found the Whiffenpoofs, eventually learned more about the lore of Yale than any man alive. If someone gave the university a portrait, Lohmann would decide where it would hang; if a professor suddenly died ("They always die on Saturday," he once complained), Lohmann would arrange the funeral; and if the officials decided to change the route of an academic procession, there would be Lohmann, fussing & fuming walking over the new route first, clocking himself on the go.

General Counsel

The U.S. Commissioner of Education has an unenviable sort of job. As a member of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, he has a big title with comparatively little authority. He sponsors worthy projects and collects worthy statistics, but his main function is less to administer than to advise. Last week President Eisenhower nominated a man who should fill the post well: Lee M. Thurston of Michigan.

Genial Republican Thurston, 57, has left a trail of chalk dust behind him. A Ph.D. from the University of Michigan, he started out as a high-school science teacher in Manistee, worked his way up to be Michigan's superintendent of public instruction. A restless, bubbling executive, he ran his 8,000 schools and 42,000 teachers with amiable efficiency. But he was no ordinary bureaucrat: the best way to run a school, he insists, is to have an enlightened local citizenry do the job itself.

Lee Thurston has indicated that he will stick by his philosophy. The big task for the Office of Education, he says, is to



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"make far greater use, in a cooperative relationship, of the several state departments of education." As a sort of beneficent uncle and general counsel to U.S. education (\$14,800 a year), Thurston will go right on doing what came naturally in Michigan: teaching Americans how they can get better schools themselves.

"For Outstanding Services"

Of all U.S. college presidents, James E. Walter of Congregational Piedmont College in Demorest, Ga. is probably the most tenacious. Since he first accepted a \$500-a-month gift from an educational foundation started by anti-Semitic, anti-Negro onetime Judge George Armstrong of Fort Worth, Texas (*TIME*, March 12, 1951, *et seq.*), students and faculty members have demanded again & again that he resign. Last week, as the academic year closed, President Walter was in the same old cauldron again.

The anti-Walter factions feel they have good reason for their stand. Not only has the president taken "tainted" money, he has also all but destroyed the college. Of Piedmont's 30-man faculty, 28 teachers have either resigned or been fired; so have eleven trustees. Meanwhile, enrollments have dropped from 290 to 109, and last fall only about 30 new students showed up as freshmen. Even the town of Demorest (pop. 1,166) has joined in the protest. Last May the town council unanimously passed a resolution demanding "the removal of James E. Walter from our midst."

In the past two years, however, Walter has had one staunch ally: his shaken-down board of trustees. Cracked one trustee of the Armstrong money: "The only thing I have to say about the money being tainted is—taint's enough." Last week Walter could boast of having the board's backing again: at its year-end meeting, it gave him a vote of "appreciation for outstanding services." But Walter's latest outstanding service was going to be a bitter pill for Piedmont. Last week, as parents and alumni gathered for the commencement exercises, they faced the bleak news that the Congregational Board of Home Missions had disowned the college, sent letters to its churches freeing them from any obligation to contribute to Piedmont. From now on, without the churches' steady support, President Walter may have little to keep running on—only his dwindling tuitions, the Armstrong money and the resentment of many of his students, who recently planted a Ku-Klux-type cross on his lawn and set it aflame.

A Medal for Dorothy

In the past seven years, brisk, blue-eyed Dorothy Troxel has hardly been out of Washington, D.C. But as an employee of the U.S. Army Map Service, she has had her own way of getting around. In 1946, for instance, her office put her to work on a new map of Mongolia—and Dorothy Troxel has scarcely thought of anything but Mongolia since.

She became fascinated with the country's place-names. Each one, she found,



Walter Bennett

TRANSLATOR TROXEL
Em to emch to emchlekh.

was really a description—from Mogoito, meaning "Having Snakes," to Dorbon Modo ("Four Trees") and Ulyasutai ("Having Aspens"). But when Mapmaker Troxel decided that she wanted to increase her vocabulary further, she ran into a block: no one had ever bothered to compile an English-Mongolian dictionary.

One night in her one-room apartment, Dorothy Troxel began poring over every scrap of text she could find of the Khalkha (spoken Mongolian) language. Then she borrowed foreign dictionaries, badgered professors, gradually lined one whole wall with her card files. As the months passed, working only after office hours far into the night, she fought her way through Khalkha's complicated agglutinations (e.g., "em" means medicine, "emch" doctor, "emchlekh" to treat), mastered its declensions and conjugations, fought the battle from A (to abandon—"khayakh") to Z (zoology—"adguusny aimiggi shimlekh ukhaan"). After five years, Translator Troxel's work was done. One morning, she bundled up her manuscripts, hustled down to her office, and presented her work to the U.S. Army as a gift.

Last week, with the first English-Mongolian dictionary safely in print, Army Secretary Robert Stevens summoned Miss Troxel to his office. There he stood her in front of the great desk of William Howard Taft, and while three generals looked on, he read her a personal message from Defense Secretary Wilson. As a reward for her work, said Mr. Stevens, Mr. Wilson was giving her a three-step in-grade promotion, which would add about \$400 a year to her \$5,060 salary. But that was not all. From a little box, Stevens took out a medal and pinned it on Dorothy Troxel's blue dress. It was the Exceptional Civilian Service Award—the highest honor a grateful Army can pay to Dorothy Troxel's "unselfish patriotism" and "distinctive service beyond the call of duty."

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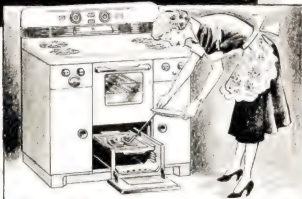
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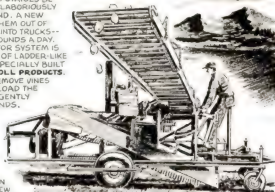
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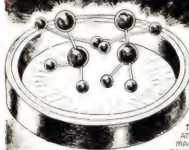
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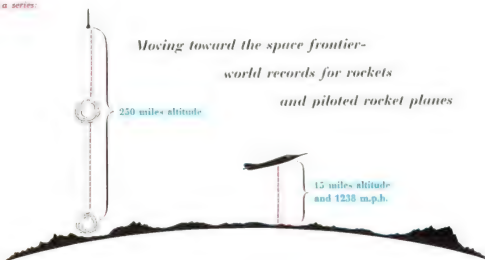


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weightless, as in a flight through space, while the Wac rocket, set in the nose of the V-2, travelled one-quarter of the way to the proposed orbit of a man-made satellite. Most important, both records came during *normal research*—planned to keep the United States and its Armed

Forces out front in the fields of guided missiles and supersonic aircraft.

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Army's Wac shown leaving V-2

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THE PRESS

Psychoceramic

In Washington last week, newsmen coined a new word to describe unreliable sources who peddle tips that are more dramatic than accurate. The word: "psychoceramic." Definition: crackpot.

Chicago's Shame

Buried on an inside page, the Chicago *Daily News* three months ago ran a short, shocking story. "Rats chewed to death a nine-months-old girl," said the 90-word item, "as she lay in her crib in her West Side home [last night]." Few readers felt the impact of the story more than the *News*'s Managing Editor Everett Norlander. Months before, he had planned a series on Chicago's 23 square miles of



Arthur Siegel

REPORTER FISHER
Slums are like tornadoes.

crawling, crumbling slums, abandoned the idea because he thought it was too big a job. "But I couldn't get that rat-bite case out of my head," said Norlander, "and we decided we couldn't hold off." Last week, after two months of intensive work by an eleven-man *News* task force led by Reporter Roy ("Mac") Fisher, 34, the *News* began a notable ten-part series on slums ("The City's Shame") that shocked Chicago.

Newsmen found that Chicago, long notorious for its slums, deserves its notoriety. As many as 1,000 people are crowded into buildings intended for 200. One landlord's monthly income from an apartment, which he had split up into living quarters for three families, had quintupled since 1942. On file with the city housing commission were 10,000 complaints about rats, bugs and other unhealthy conditions which "the city is doing nothing about"; 57 rat-bite cases were treated in the last six months alone. In rare cases where

landlords were haled into court, three out of five got off free, at worst paid an average fine of \$20.23.

"Pig Face," Reporter Fisher, a *News* staffer for the past seven years, found a family of four paying \$52 a month for two rooms which he thought at first were unused coalbins. Amid the sagging stairways, falling ceilings and overflowing toilets, reporters discovered one child who had been nicknamed "Pig Face," after a rat bit off his nose. (Most families left the lights on all night in a vain effort to discourage rats.) Side by side, the *News* ran pictures of a building wrecked by the recent tornado and a Chicago tenement. Asked the caption: "Which was in the path of the tornado . . . which was in the path of slum blight in Chicago?"

The *News* task force sifted through thousands of titles to ferret out the owners of the buildings, many hidden behind elaborate corporate dodges, and listed the names of "20 of Chicago's biggest slum-makers." One reporter, posing as a real-estate buyer looking for a building to buy, was promised that his investment would be doubled within four years because "practically nothing is ever spent to make repairs."

Fisher and his staff went after the city offices charged with enforcing housing regulations, found them loaded with doing nothing political appointees. "We don't hire them," said Building Commissioner Roy T. Christiansen. "They [i.e., the Democratic machine] send them to us." The city building officials, said Reporter Fisher, "walked to the gallows with smiles on their faces. Apparently it never occurred to them that we actually would go out to the slums to compare conditions with what the inspection reports represented them to be."

Prettier Picture. This week the *News*'s well-documented series brought quick action. Democratic Mayor Martin Kennelly hastened to announce a meeting of top housing experts to "consider" the *News*'s charges, while Chicago's city councilmen and metropolitan housing council got ready to investigate on their own. One Chicago judge ordered a landlord to tear down a building listed in the *News* series, and show the court a picture of the empty lot or face a \$2,200 fine. As a result of the *News* series, a bill before the state legislature to tighten up housing laws now seemed certain to pass. Said one of the 250 letters of praise the paper received from its readers: "When the power of the press is used to benefit humanity . . . it renews the humble reader's faith in that great freedom."

"The Sad Case"

At the annual awards dinner of the Tennessee Press Association Inc. in Memphis last week, the prize for the state's "best single editorial" was presented by University of Tennessee President C. E. (for Claude Everett) Brehm to the Morristown *Sun* (circ. 3,989). The winning

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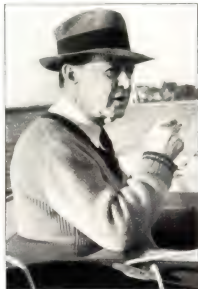
this is no time to be without



editorial: "The Sad Case of U-T's President," a rousing attack on President Brehm for "giving way to a pressure group" and refusing to allow a Russian movie and old Charlie Chaplin films to be shown on his campus. Said President Brehm: "Everyone has the right to have convictions and to express them."

The Water Boys

Away from their grey skyscraper office on Manhattan's teeming 42nd Street last week, the editors of a thriving monthly magazine got ready for a weekend of work without a mutter of complaint. One editor was off to Newport, R.I. to sail his 58-ft. yawl *Caribbee* in the 466-mile, 30-hour race to Annapolis, Md. The editor of the



W. H. de Fontaine

PUBLISHER STONE
Work is like play.

magazine headed for Norwalk, Conn., where he climbed aboard a launch and ran the weekly sailboat race of the Norwalk Yacht Club. Two of the magazine's ad staff were out on Long Island Sound racing their 19-ft. Lightning-class sloops. For all of them, the weekend on the water was the same mixture of work and editorial play that keeps them glued to their jobs despite the lure of better pay elsewhere. Their magazine: *Yachting* (circ. 45,675), a salty log for U.S. pleasure sailors.

From the sea blue of its cover, framing a color painting, often of a ship under full sail, through more than 150 pages laden with enticing boat ads, articles and pictures, *Yachting* is more than a pleasure sailor's handbook. Every issue is loaded to the gunwales with first-person true-adventure tales of men against the sea that are read as avidly by landlubbers as by yachtsmen. More than 75% of *Yachting's* articles come from yachtsmen (rate: \$103 per 3,500-word article) who, with the help of *Yachting's* editors, set down their experiences with loglike authenticity. For the more practical-minded, the magazine runs boat plans and tips on everything from



How to Speak Up to a Jet...

AT take-off and at full-power in combat, the blasting roar of the jet bomber's engines is so loud that pilots and crew can't even hear their own voices. Yet clear, continuous communication is vital.

Airplane interphone equipment developed during World War II was not built to out-talk a jet engine.

That job called for new equipment to shut out jet thunder and stand up in the extremes of temperature and pressure in the stratosphere. And it had to be done by equipment so small that the Air Force coined a word for it... sub-miniature.

Every single part of the equipment had to be redesigned to new requirements of selectivity and size.

A major factor in the successful production of these sub-miniature units was the Mallory-developed Tantalum Capacitor. A fraction of the size of former types, and able to operate in tiny, sealed instruments at boiling-point temperatures, Mallory's Tantalum Capacitor helps clarify voice transmission waves and bring them clean, undistorted to all stations.

Just as the bomber crew can count on the Mallory Tantalum Capacitor to help them speak up to their jets, so can you rely on the Mallory capacitors in today's television and radio sets for dependable performance that means extra pleasure.

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racing to cooking eggs Benedict in a
ketch's galley.

At the Helm. No Yachting staffer is
happier with a deck underfoot than the
magazine's 81-year-old Publisher, Herbert
L. Stone, a small (5 ft. 6 in.), ruddy-
faced, crinkle-eyed sailor who has been
going down to the sea in yachts ever since
he was a boy in Charleston, S.C. In 1908,
after working up to be assistant paymaster
on the New York Central Railroad, Stone
changed his course abruptly. At 36, he
took the helm of *Yachting*, which his
friend Oswald Garrison Villard, publisher
of the New York *Evening Post* and the
Nation, had started the year before. Editor
Stone decided to make *Yachting* more
popular by doing the same for yachting:
he gave a big boost to ocean racing, re-
vived the famed Bermuda Race.

Stone, who still shows up almost every
day at the office, has owned 18 small boats
(i.e., less than 41 ft.) in his lifetime, now
finds it "more comfortable to let my
friends invite me to sail with them" in-
stead of keeping his own boat. Publi-
sher Stone has a simple explanation for
Yachting's doubling of its circulation since
the war. Says he: "There are more pleas-
ure boats in the water than ever before.
Once a yachtsman was a rich man who
owned a big yacht with a paid crew. All
that is changed now. A yachtsman today
is anybody that owns a pleasure boat
larger than a rowboat. The small yachts-
man is the backbone of yachting."

Under Editor Critchell Rimington, 46,
former vice president of book publisher
John Day Co., *Yachting* staffers in the
summer spend almost as much time on
boats as they do in the office. The daily
Stamford *Advocate* once ran a picture of a
Lightning capsized in Long Island Sound
with the crew sitting on the over-
turned hull. Scoffed the caption at one of
the crew: "An assistant editor of *Yacht-
ing* magazine covering the championship
race." Like other staffers, Managing Editor
William H. Taylor, the only sports-
writer ever to win a Pulitzer Prize (for his
yachting articles in the New York *Herald
Tribune* in 1935), crews as often as he
watches from the shore. But he sometimes
longs for the days when "we are lucky
enough to go on a cruise where we don't
have to do anything."

Climb Aboard. How profitable *Yacht-
ing* is has always been Publisher Stone's
secret. It has stiff competition from
Hearst's *Motor Boating* (circ. 51,599),
which has more and more broadened its
range to include sailboats. In 1938 Stone
made sure that his magazine would always
have solid backing by getting such famed
yachtsmen as Pierre S. du Pont III, Henry
S. Morgan, R. J. Reynolds and 17 others
to join him in buying the magazine from
John Clarke Kennedy (Forhan's Tooth-
paste), who ran it as a hobby. The present
owners, said Stone, merely want "to see
that it always remains a magazine for the
sport." Publisher Stone feels that profit-
able *Yachting* has done a lot to make the
sport more popular. But magazines have
their limitations, Says he. "The best way
to learn to sail is to just get in a boat."

TIME, JUNE 29, 1953



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but
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work

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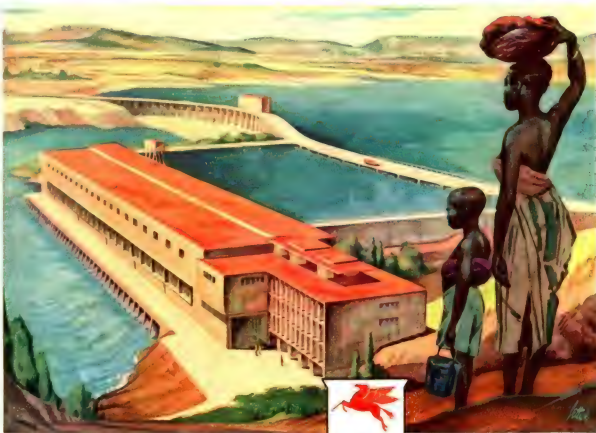
HEADWATERS OF THE NILE HARNESSED

Uganda power project gets world's greatest lubrication knowledge

IN 1862 John Hanning Speke discovered the Ripon Falls on Lake Victoria, chief source of the 3,473-mile River Nile. It was on this spot in 1907 that Winston Churchill first dreamed of harnessing these headwaters to generate electricity. Today, the Owen Falls hydro-electric development, two miles below the lake, brings to life this half-century-old dream.

Started in 1950 by the Uganda Electricity Board, Owen Falls consists of a main dam—2,725 feet long, 85 feet high—and a powerhouse with ten 15,000-KW generating units. Due to go on the line shortly, it will provide electricity for the future development of Uganda and parts of Kenya.

Owen Falls, like so many of the world's giant power projects, will use a famous Socony-Vacuum turbine oil in its generating units—will be protected by a program of Correct Lubrication. You can obtain this same kind of unsurpassed protection for your plant, mine or mill. Why accept anything else?



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MILESTONES

Married. Robert Bruce Mathias, 22, Stanford's two-time Olympic decathlon winner (1948, '52) and star fullback; and Melba Wiser, 21, a college classmate; in Stanford Memorial Church, Stanford, Calif. After his graduation next January, Mathias will report for two years' active duty as a Marine Reserve second lieutenant.

Divorced. By Martha Raye, 36, cavern-mouthed comedienne of screen (*Monsieur Verdoux*) and TV (*All Star Review*); her fourth husband, Nick Condos, 45, manager of her Miami Beach nightclub, the Five O'Clock Club; after ten years of marriage, one daughter; in Miami.

Divorced. Peter Lorre, 49, droop-eyed cinemane (*M. Mr. Moto*, *Double Confession*); by Kaaren Verne Lorre, 35, former cinemactress (*The Seventh Cross*, *Kings Row*); after eight years of marriage, no children; in Las Vegas, Nev.

Died. Norman ("Uncle Normie") Ross, 57, Chicago disk jockey and onetime Olympic swimming champion (1920); of a heart attack; in Evanston, Ill. "Big Moose" Ross claimed that he learned to swim by reading an instruction manual, but he broke 72 world records, won both the 400 and the 1,500-meter Olympic races at Antwerp in 1920. Hired by a Chicago radio station in 1931, Ross attracted over a million Midwestern listeners with his early morning "400 Hour" of classical music and light chatter.

Died. Colonel René Fonck, 59, France's top air ace of World War I (in 32 months of aerial combat he got credit for 75 kills, unofficial credit for 51 more); of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Paris. A national hero after the 1918 armistice, Fonck turned to civilian flying, narrowly escaped death when his S-35 crashed on the take-off of a 1926 transatlantic attempt. Back in uniform in 1939, Colonel Fonck led a fighter group until France fell, in 1942 disguised himself as a Trappist monk and helped organize an escape route through Belgium for downed Allied airmen. Arrested in 1944 on charges of Vichy collaboration, but never officially indicted. Old War Bird Fonck spent his remaining years running a chemical-products firm in Paris.

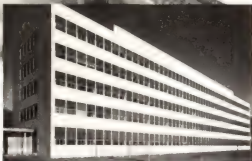
Died. Margaret Grace Bondfield, 80, Britain's first woman cabinet minister (1929-31) and pioneer in the British labor movement; in Sanderstead, England. Self-educated daughter of a Somerset lacemaker, she began her career as a 14-year-old salesgirl working a 76-hour week in London, soon organized a union among her sister workers. No ultra-feminist, "Saint Maggie" rose through the ranks of the male-led labor movement to head its powerful Trades Union Congress. Elected to Parliament (1923), Socialist Bondfield became Minister of Labor in Ramsay MacDonald's short-lived Labor government.

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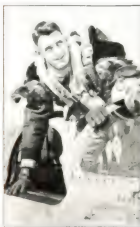
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History will not question the outcome of the Korean air war.

THE ECONOMY

Up Go Prices

Prices, which have been relatively stable for months, last week started to climb again. Steelmakers, as expected, raised their prices about \$4 a ton to pay for their latest wage boost. Their biggest customers, the automakers, said they would absorb the increase. But General Electric announced that it would boost the prices of many of its appliances, and others were thinking of following suit.

Crude oil, whose price had not been raised since 1947, went up 25¢ a barrel (to \$2.10), even though there were some signs of an oil surplus. Said President John Brice of Carter Oil, a Jersey Standard subsidiary: "Costs of labor, materials and services have risen substantially, and in adjustment has been long overdue." The adjustment will mean higher home-heating costs next winter. Gasoline prices have already been raised in many states, and last week Standard of Ohio announced a boost of 1½¢ per gallon, the biggest yet.

These rises were partially offset by the continued weakness of farm prices, notably wheat. But farm prices steadied some last week after the Agriculture Department announced emergency loans would be granted for wheat "stored" in the open.

As for fears of a recession, G.E.'s Chairman Philip Reed declared that whatever temporary setback might come, the economy is "in a long-term upward trend." If consumers begin spending as big a percentage of their income as they did in 1929 or even 1930, said Reed, the annual demand for consumer products alone would increase by \$7 billion a year. Evidence that they would continue to spend was provided by a Federal Reserve Board survey. The FRB reported that consumers are not only saving more money but "are in more of a buying mood than at [any] time . . . in recent years," partly because the median income has risen from \$3,200 to \$3,420 in a year.

AVIATION

The Cats of MIG Alley

(See Cover)

It was, as the briefing officer said, "a day worth drooling over," a fine day for hunting MIGs. With the howl of a tornado, four F-86 Sabre jets roared up from the Korean airfield and headed north for MIG Alley. For half an hour they climbed steadily, timing their ascent to conserve fuel and reach the Yalu at 45,000 ft. At that altitude, everything was silvery and incredibly bright; above, the sky was dark and greyish.

The air was so thin that the pilots had to take in their oxygen under pressure to get it into their lungs. Working go-odd controls with the light-fingered touch of master watchmakers, the pilots glanced now & then at the dozens of dials and flashing instrument lights that might warn of trouble, while they searched the sky for MIGs. Suddenly, from far below, came a glint of silver.

"Ten MIGs at 2,000 feet," crackled a Sabre jet pilot's voice on the VHF radio.



Glenn Howard—Graphic House

PLANEMAKER & F-100 MODEL
The known is obsolete.

Peeling off in a split S, the four Sabres screamed into a dive. Flight Leader Major Vermont Garrison, 37-year-old World War II ace who is known as "the greying eagle," leveled out at 2,000 ft. on the tail of a MIG. After a quick burst from the Sabre's .50-cal. machine guns, the Red plane exploded. A few minutes later, Garrison downed another MIG. Captain Lonnie Moore, 32, drew a bead on a third MIG and brought it down; 1st Lieut. Harry Jones Jr., 23, got another. Then at 1,500 ft., Wingman William F. Schrimsher, 24, a 2nd lieutenant from Alabama, got on the tail of a fifth MIG. The Red pilot shoved the throttle wide open, went into a steep left bank trying to get away. Instead, the MIG snapped on its back, went into a spin and crashed into a hillside. Thus did one more U.S. pilot lug his first MIG "the easy way"—without firing a shot. Could Schrimsher's F-86 have performed the maneuver that crashed the MIG? Said Schrimsher: "Sure, no sweat."

After the Sabre. On the Quonset wall of a pingpong room at Kimpo airfield, a crudely drawn cartoon sums up the pilots' feelings about the Sabre jet and North American Aviation, Inc., the Los Angeles company that makes it. The cartoon shows a MIG pilot, closely pursued by an F-86, yelling "Break!" as he clambers out of his cockpit armed with a large paddle against a watery landing. The caption: "Look to North American for leadership."

The man to look to for leadership at North American itself is Board Chairman James Howard ("Dutch") Kindelberger, 58, a beefy (6 ft., 194 lbs.), salty-tongued West Virginian whose fringe of white hair and twinkling blue eyes make him look like a modern-day Friar Tuck. Kindelberger, who learned to fly in World War I, has devoted his life to turning out better and faster planes for the U.S.

In the process, he has produced more planes than anyone else in the world. Among his prize productions is the T-6 Texan trainer in which thousands of World

TIME CLOCK

War II pilots learned to fly; the P-51 Mustang, one of the best World War II fighters; the B-25 Mitchell bomber, which General Jimmy Doolittle flew off a carrier in 1942 for the first bombing raid on Japan. Typically, Dutch Kindelberger has already stopped thinking about the feats of the F-86 Sabre and is looking ahead to his next hot fighter. "In this business," says he, "once we get to know what we are doing, we know that thing is obsolete."

The F-86's successor is the F-100, the first jet combat plane able to go through the sound barrier in level flight. Already test-flown, the swept-wing F-100 is bigger than the F-86 and is powered by the Pratt & Whitney J-57 engine (10,000 lbs. thrust).

Long Odds. But last week, while obsolete in the mind of its maker, the F-86 Sabre was busier than ever as the Korean war neared its third anniversary and truce hung in the balance (see *WAR IN ASIA*). In 2,500 sorties, the Sabres brought down 19 MIGs. They sustained their worst losses to date—twelve planes knocked down, mostly by antiaircraft batteries as the Sabres took on a job not expected of most fighters: bombing in close support of the hard-pressed infantry. But in air-to-air combat, the F-86 reigned supreme.

Historians will argue for many years over what the U.N. accomplished in Korea, but no one will ever question the outcome of the Korean air war. Ever since the Sabres arrived on the scene, they have been outnumbered, sometimes as high as 30 to 1; two or three of them have, on occasion, holdily dived into a formation of 100 or more MIGs. Nevertheless, they have knocked 719 MIGs out of the sky, v. an air-combat loss of only 56 Sabres. In the last six months alone, 200 MIGs have been downed in air-to-air combat, v. only nine Sabres—a phenomenal kill ratio of more than 20 to 1. The Sabre has proved to be the only operational U.N. plane capable of controlling the Korean skies against the MIG. Yet the Sabre, like the P-40 in World War II, has come in for criticism aplenty.

The complaints started when U.S. pilots found to their dismay that in Korea the Reds could pick the time and place of battle. This was due partly to the sanctuary beyond the Yalu, where Reds could always flee when the going got rough. But it was due also to the MIG itself: its greater rate of climb and operating ceiling (51,000 ft., v. 45,000 ft. for the Sabre) enabled it to lie in wait for F-86s and pounce on them from above; its greater acceleration enabled it to break off combat at will. Pilots complained that the Sabre, at 16,500 lbs., v. about 12,000 lbs. for the MIG, was loaded down with too much armor and far too many "gadgets"—emergency fuel pumps, self-sealing fuel tanks that didn't hold up against the Reds' 23- and 37-mm. cannons. Such top aces as Colonel Joseph Gabreski (6½ MIGs) and Captain Francis McConnell Jr. (16 MIGs)

IN the last-minute fighting over the excess profits tax, U.S. Steel's Ben Fairless came out for a six-month extension, and President Eisenhower personally asked balky Dan Reed to let his House Ways & Means Committee vote on an extension bill. But Reed stayed firm in his resolve not to send a bill to Congress. Speaker Joe Martin still predicted that "We will get [the bill] passed," but the odds were against it.

SHOPPERS for houses will find it better buys in the next six months. Except in a few areas, prices of new houses have stopped climbing, and the unrealistic high prices demanded by owners of older houses have been coming down.

THE Federal Trade Commission has reversed the stand it took under the Democrats on price-cutting. The FTC now supports the Capehart bill, which would make price cuts by companies legal when done in "good faith" (i.e., if the cuts were necessary to meet competition). FTC is now also in favor of allowing absorption of freight charges by a seller, a practice ruled illegal by the Supreme Court in its 1948 basing point decision. (TIME, May 10, 1948.)

INCENTIVES for U.S. planemakers to build commercial jet transports are being pushed by New Hampshire's Senator Charles Tobey. His plan, which has the blessing of CAB Chairman Oswald Ryan, calls for 1) Government loans of up to \$20 million on 75% of the development cost of prototype jet airliners and 2) "forgiveness" of \$2,000,000 of each loan for every plane built.

"SAIL," a detergent which A & P last week put on sale as its own brand, highlighted a new problem for U.S. soapmakers. Made by New Jersey's Ultra Chemical Co., Sall represents a growing trend in detergent-

thought the Sabre's electronic gunsight was unreliable, hard to maintain, and should be eliminated. Cracked Gabreski: "I just stick a piece of chewing gum on my windshield and use that as a sight." On the other hand, Captain Manuel J. Fernandez Jr. (14½ MIGs), says the Sabre is a "fabulous plane."

Flying Arm Chair. But as the kill ratio over the MIGs has soared, so has the pilots' respect for the sturdiness and dependability of the F-86. They have found that odds are with the MIG only until actual combat starts. Then the reliable Sabre takes over. Said Jet Ace (11 MIGs) Major James Jahara: "It's like flying an arm chair. The MIG cannot pull out of a left spin, but U.S. pilots never have to worry about the Sabre. The Sabre is also stronger than the MIG: pilots have seen the wings shear off a MIG or the tail disintegrate, but an F-86 has never come apart in the air."

Above all, the Sabre is versatile. The MIG was designed as a short-range, fast-

making by the chemical industry, which formerly just supplied the raw materials. Monsanto, which used to supply materials for "All," now makes it and is giving it a big ad splash.

MORE prospectors are pouring into California looking for quicksilver than at any time since World War II. The standard 75-lb. flask still brings \$189—almost 2½ times the pre-Korean price. Reason: Spain, Italy and Yugoslavia, the major sources of U.S. mercury supply, keep prices at scarcity levels.

PACKERS will spend an estimated \$3,000,000 this year to promote the sale of salami in a fiercely competitive market. Some competitive slogans:

A Salami Is an Egg's Best Friend
Send a Salami to Your Boy
in the Army

COFFEE consumption in 43 Washington cafeterias and snack bars for Government employees has dropped from 44,000 to 34,000 lbs. a month in five months. Reason: the Administration has cut payroll, and warned against frequent coffee breaks. Exception: the Pentagon, which serves as much coffee as ever (about 30,000 cups a day).

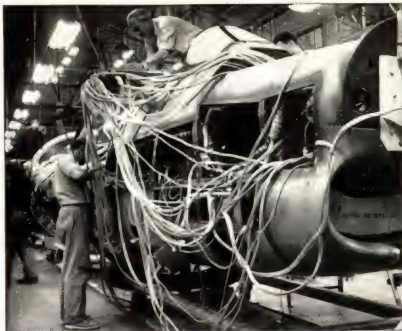
THE squeeze was put on the Air Force's \$389 million heavy press program (TIME, March 3, 1952), designed to speed production of planes and cut costs. Contracts for seven of the 17 monster hydraulic presses, which would stamp out whole sections of aircraft and eliminate the welding of many small parts, were canceled.

PALL MALL and other king-size cigarettes now selling at the same price as regular-length cigarettes will probably go up 1¢ a pack this fall. Chesterfield, Philip Morris and Old Gold, whose kings already cost a penny more, have not found sales hurt.

climbing bomber interceptor to defend Russia. It is ideally suited for Korea. But the Sabre was designed for air-to-air combat—and light bombing—anywhere in the world.

New Problems. In producing the F-86, North American Aviation ran into problems such as were never encountered in the days of propeller-driven aircraft. Says Dutch Kindelberger: "There's as much difference between the Mustang's electrical system and that of a Sabre as there is between a doorbell and a television set." For a full year, engineers worked on ejection seats to bail the pilot out in case of emergency. Because the friction heat at 600 m.p.h. raises a plane's cockpit temperature enough to roast the pilot, the F-86 had to have a cooling unit with the power of 35 household refrigerators: because it would run into temperatures of 65° below at high altitudes, it needed a heating unit capable of warming 30 average houses.

As new models came off the line, re-



ASSEMBLING THE F-86D INTERCEPTOR
Mustang : Sabre :: Doorbell : TV.

J. R. Egan—UPI

finements were added. To give greater control at top speed, a "flying tail" was designed, enabling the entire horizontal tailpiece to move. It was then found that pilots "lost the feel" of the ship because of the new power control system; to supply "artificial feel," a spring and a bob-weight were built in so that the pressures on the stick would vary with changes in speed and altitude. The nose of one model, the F-86D interceptor, was loaded with special radar equipment which will track down an enemy plane, figure its speed and angle of approach, automatically steer the F-86D on an intercepting course and fire its load (24 "Mighty Mouse" rockets) before diverting the F-86 so it won't collide with the enemy.

All these things added weight: one extra pound of gadgetry can add ten pounds to the plane because of needed structural changes, extra fuel capacity, etc. They also added to the cost: F-86s cost \$500,000 apiece, vs. \$200,000 for World War II's Mustangs. But with all due credit to the superb pilots, Dutch Kindelberger is convinced that the gadgets have more than paid off in Korea. Says he: "The best jockey in the world can't win on a lousy horse."

Better Bow. James Howard Kindelberger is the kind of man who thinks there is nothing in the world that cannot be improved. A man with a quick smile and a quicker wit that has made him famous as a teller of ribald stories, he is also a dedicated tinkerer. He once took up surf-boarding, gave it up when the boat he designed came apart on its first test and he almost drowned. He also took up archery—not for the sport, but because he "wanted to redesign the bow." He is usually affable—but wet beside the man

who gets in Dutch with Dutch. He once gave vent to his terrible temper on the golf course by breaking all his clubs, one by one. Last year, at England's Farnborough Air Show, Kindelberger was asked how he liked it. Said Dutch: "It's okay, but we're putting on a better air show every day—in Korea."

Stomach v. Head. Up at 8 each morning, Kindelberger takes "exactly 15 minutes" to shave, wash and dress (usually in a blue suit). He breakfasts on "orange juice, toast, coffee and the Los Angeles Times," drives himself to work at 9 or 9:30. He runs North American like a wing commander. Says North American's President John L. (for Leland) Atwood: "All my executive authority stems from Mr. Kindelberger."

Into Kindelberger's big paneled office each day troop platoons of admirals, generals, engineers, salesmen, designers; out from it, over the scream of North American jets flying near by, go unnumbered phone calls to Washington and North American's four plants at Los Angeles, Downey and Fresno, Calif., and Columbus, Ohio. Says Dutch: "My day is nothing but trouble, because the things that are running smoothly don't need my attention."

At lunchtime, Kindelberger joins his department heads in a small dining room to mull over the latest company problems. Then he falls into a contour chair for a 15-minute nap. Says Dutch, who had a serious ulcer operation years ago: "I've decided that at my age, it's wise to be as smart as a pig. There's no point having your head and your stomach fighting over your blood supply. By taking a nap, I let my stomach have the blood for a while."

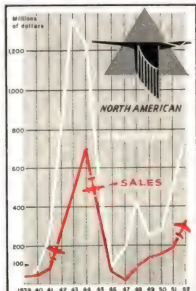
Kindelberger is such a foe of waste that the story is told of a new employee whom he found cutting scraps of metal into tiny shavings. When Kindelberger asked what he was doing, the employee said: "I don't know. The foreman just told me to chop up this stuff before the Old Man comes around and tries to make a plane out of it."

Ice Mike. In the evening, when Kindelberger heads his Lincoln into the driveway of his Los Angeles home, an ultrasonic whistle on the car alerts an electronic ear, and the garage doors of his eight-room house, which he designed himself, go up automatically. He pours himself a Scotch at a leather-covered bar he built in the living room; if ice is needed, he speaks into a pilot's microphone behind the bar connected to the kitchen. Built-in cabinets hide a living-room slot machine and shelves for his ten cameras and photographic gear.

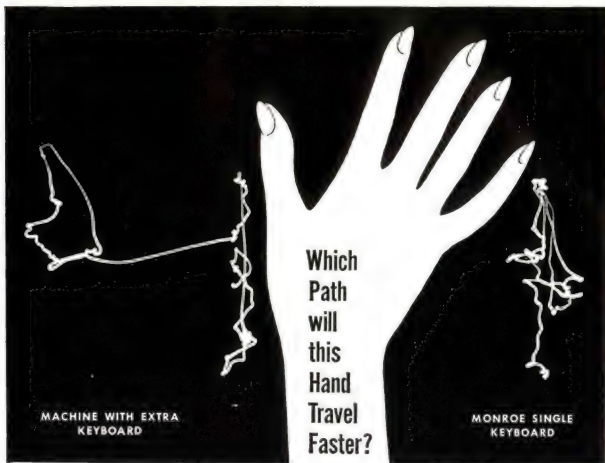
Most evenings, Dutch heads into the kitchen, where he prides himself on his cooking, on his battery of ovens, and on his magnetized potholders which he can "hang" on the refrigerator or other metal objects. Kindelberger and his wife do most of the cooking; they have a couple who help with the dishes and cleaning. Often, Dutch's daughter Joan and her husband, Ford Dealer Ralph Graham, drop in with their three children (Kindelberger refers to them fondly as "the Vulture Family").

Parties are a Kindelberger specialty; last week he cooked up a dinner for 60 (chicken in wine, rice, salad, and bread "with just a touch of garlic"). But Dutch always tries to get to bed early: loves to lie there reading magazines and listening to his bedside radio, which has a special attachment to plug into his good ear.

Saved from the Trenches. Born in Wheeling, W.Va., where his father was a steel molder and his mother pieced out the family income papering walls at 50¢ an hour, Dutch quit high school after one



Time Chart by J. Donovan



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WABASH RAILROAD

year, went to work (at \$5 a week) for National Tube Co., "throwing pig iron around from 7 in the morning to 5:30 at night." Later, as a civilian draftsman for the Army Engineers, he found time to take International Correspondence School courses at night, crammed in enough drafting, engineering and math to pass the entrance exams to Carnegie Tech. Dutch worked his way through a year of college (and into the presidency of the freshman class) before he decided he was wasting his time.

In 1917 he enlisted in the Signal Corps, whose few planes were the forerunners of the Air Corps. Says he: "I just didn't want to end up in a trench." Flying came hard to Private Kindelberger; landings came harder. He once smashed up a plane, then brashly stepped from the wreckage and blamed it all on defective materials.

Systematic Drinking. At war's end, Kindelberger answered an ad of Glenn L. Martin Co., landed a job as draftsman at \$27.50 a week. For months, he worked in his old uniforms because he could not afford to buy civilian clothing, augmented his salary by teaching aviation classes at night, developing photos in a bathroom and writing for *Popular Mechanics* (at \$3 to \$5 an article). Raised to \$32 a week in 1919, he married his childhood sweetheart, Thelma Knarr. (She divorced him in 1945, and Kindelberger is now married to Helen Allen, a onetime model.)

As assistant chief engineer, Kindelberger worked on the first of Martin's famed bombers. When Martin's chief engineer, Donald Douglas, quit to start a company of his own, he asked Dutch to come along to California as engineering boss. Kindelberger accepted—but did not arrive till five years later ("Had to save up the fare, you know"). Under Boss Engineer Kindelberger, Douglas produced the DC-1 and DC-2, laid plans for the famed DC-3. About that time, Kindelberger, up until then a teetotaler, decided to investigate drinking. With his customary zeal, he drew up a list of every drink known, systematically made and sampled each. Says he: "In my life I have made and drunk every conceivable drink, even some you had to chew. But in my old age I've learned one thing: there's nothing that beats a good Scotch on ice, with just a drop of water."

First Fiddle. Never satisfied with playing second fiddle (which he would have had to do at Douglas), Kindelberger snapped up an offer from General Motors to take over a Maryland subsidiary of G.M.-controlled North American Aviation (G.M. has since sold its interest). North American, then a holding company (for such companies as Sperry Gyroscope, Eastern Airlines, Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc.), had been ordered by the Government to concentrate either on aircraft production or airlines. It decided to keep its planemaking business, and it needed a production man. From Douglas, President Kindelberger took two men with him: crack Designer "Lee" Atwood, now North American's president; and J. S. ("Stan") Smithson,



Glenn Howard—Graphic House
NORTH AMERICAN'S SMITHSON & ATWOOD
They follow the wing commander.

a topnotch designer who is now North American's manufacturing vice president.

At the time, North American was working on a passenger plane, and was losing money. Says Kindelberger: "We started with an obvious advantage—it couldn't have been any worse."

Quick Switch. Dutch liquidated contracts on the money-losing plane, sold the prototype to a junk dealer for \$1,500, and laid plans to build a trainer to compete for Air Corps contracts. He had nine weeks to do the job—and under NRA could not officially work his employees overtime. One night he entered the plant and found his employees shouting and singing at their jobs. They had checked out, had a few beers and come back to "have some fun"—against which there wasn't any law. The plane (BT-9) was completed on time, and North American beat out Seversky for a \$1,000,000 contract.

Kindelberger moved the company from Maryland to California, built trainers for foreign countries as Europe armed for war. At a 1938 meeting with Airmen Curtis LeMay, Hap Arnold and Toosey Spaatz, he read a statement on why the U.S. should buy more North American trainers. The airmen agreed, but pointed out that they had no money. Later, when Dutch approached Arnold again, the need was for fighters, not basic trainers. Said Kindelberger: "My dear general, these are not basic trainers. These are basic combat planes." He plugged the idea, eventually got an order for the T-6 Texan (to the British, the Harvard; to the U.S. Navy, the SNJ). Early in 1940, when the British asked North American to build Curtiss P-40s, Kindelberger answered that he could design and produce a better airplane quicker. In 127 days, he turned out the P-51, the first of the famed Mustangs. The U.S. was cool towards it, would place no orders. Since the services were looking for dive bomb-



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Ernie Stouf

KINDELBERGER AT HOME

A contour chair, a slot machine, and Scotch with a drop of water.

ers. Kindelberger pulled another quick switch: "We told them the P-51 was a dive bomber, not a fighter, and got an order for 500 of them in the same mail with a letter that said 'We don't want any.'" Thus, thanks to British orders, did the U.S. have the Mustang ready when it entered World War II.

With the P-51, Kindelberger made good use of mass-production techniques. His methods: 1) design a plane with production problems in mind; 2) break down the most complicated jobs into simple separate functions; 3) keep the air frame from "getting too big too fast." *I.e.*, don't make workers crawl in on their bellies if they can do the job before the parts are joined. North American's World War II production: 15,670 Mustangs, 9,816 B-25s and 15,498 trainers.

Rising Fortune. At war's end, like other planemakers, North American went into a dive. Its employment dropped from 91,000 to 5,000, its order backlog from 8,800 planes to 24. But unlike most of his competitors, Dutch Kindelberger shunned such products as aluminum canoes and caskets to take up the slack: he started producing the four-seater Navion private plane instead. As costs rose and orders sank, the Navion flopped (loss: \$8,000,000) and Kindelberger sold off the project to Ryan Aeronautical in 1947. But with the Navion project, he was able to keep his spotlight engineers working on new military designs, landed contracts for the B-45 four-jet light bomber and the Navy's attack plane, the AJ-1, in addition to the F-86 Sabre.

Since then, North American's fortunes have climbed steadily. Five years ago, with sales of \$94 million, it earned \$6,800,000. Last year, with sales of \$315 million, it netted \$7,800,000, and its backlog of \$1.5 billion is fourth highest in the industry. Last week it declared a dividend of 75¢ a share, making the year's total

25¢ more than the \$1.25 the year before. One project that Dutch Kindelberger hopes will pay off some day: atomic energy. One of the biggest contractors with the AEC, North American got into atomic energy after the war in hopes of developing it to power planes and missiles. Kindelberger decided (and Washington agrees) that atomic planes will not be possible for years, and dropped the project. Instead, his engineers designed a reactor that may point the way to commercial atomic power (*TIME*, June 15).

Kindelberger has fared just as well as his company. He gets \$140,000 a year, plus \$11,000 a year for a retirement fund.

The New Bosses. In the past, Kindelberger has done his share of griping at Washington inefficiency, particularly the Air Force's system of shuttling green officers in & out of procurement jobs, and its habit of not knowing exactly what it wants. But, he has nothing but good to say about the Pentagon's new civilian bosses: he is not worried about the projected \$5 billion cut in the Air Force budget, since none of North American's contracts has been affected. He is hopeful, in fact, that the new team will develop a long-range air program for the U.S. to avoid the feasts and famines of the past.

By this, Kindelberger does not mean a program to freeze designs. Says he: "Such talk is as silly as freezing the design on a flintlock rifle when the enemy has a Garand. The first sketch of a plane is only the bare bones, and by the time you've finished you even have new bones." Nor does he mean any kind of subsidy program. "Over the long haul," says Kindelberger, "there is no practicable substitute for competition in maintaining the quality of product. Nobody has yet come up with a solution of how to spoon-feed an industry without stifling it."

Looking ahead, Kindelberger sees the

time fast approaching when the piloted plane will be obsolete. "It will not be tomorrow, nor ten years from now," says he. "But our planes are rapidly approaching the point where they are penalized rather than aided by the presence of a human pilot. The time is coming when the defense of the U.S. will be pretty much automatic." North American, loaded up with guided-missile contracts, is planning for that day (its X-10 Navaho, forerunner to an intercontinental guided missile, will be test-fired soon). But those who think that guided missiles are a cheap way to security are wrong. In many respects, says Kindelberger, missiles are even more complex than today's aircraft; and with no pilots to bring them home, each one is a total loss after it is fired.

In the supersonic age, Kindelberger and other planemakers face a new challenge to tax their ingenuity: the thermal barrier. At speeds contemplated for the near future, tough aluminum will lose much of its strength because of friction-generated heat (titanium will replace it for many uses). Cockpit canopies of today's materials will soften like putty; present-day electronic equipment may fail. The U.S. will have its hands full keeping ahead on such problems. Despite the success of the Sabre in Korea, Kindelberger does not underestimate the mechanical ability of the Russians. Says he: "Our conception of the Russian is crazy. We've thought of him as a peasant with a cow, and his wife out pulling a plow—stopping only now and then to scratch. But Russia is building up and improving her industries all the time."

Kindelberger knows—as no layman can—how much time, money and sweat the U.S. must put into getting "the right airplane to the right place at the right time." In World War II, with the P-51 Mustang, and in Korea, with the F-86 Sabre, it almost looked as though somebody had pulled a rabbit out of a hat. Says Dutch Kindelberger: "Nobody ever pulled a rabbit out of a hat without carefully putting one there in the first place."

MODERN LIVING Cinderella Steps Out

When Huck Finn put on his patched, faded blue denim overalls to go catfishing on the Mississippi, he never dreamed that he was anticipating a fashion trend for 1953. But last week, in shops and stores across the land, no cloth was selling faster, or in more colorful varieties, than once drab, once humble denim. For the U.S. textile industry, it is the Cinderella cloth that became queen of the ball.

Denim's revolution is a product of the two-day weekend, the trek to the suburbs, and the increasing informality and casualness of U.S. living. Schoolboys started it, in the 1930s, with a penchant for the copper-riveted "levis" which San Francisco's famed Levi Strauss began making for gold miners and cowhands back in 1850 (TIME, Feb. 27, 1950). High school girls quickly copied the craze. Spare-time yachtsmen found that salt water gave the deep blue

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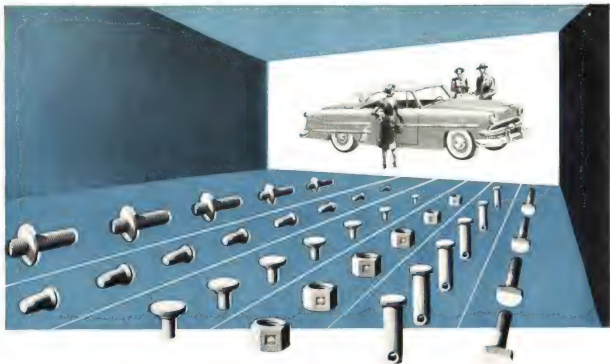
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NEW STYLES IN DENIM
Huck Finn anticipates a trend.

levis a faded look, which became so fashionable that youngsters dumped bleach into the family wash to fade their own.

U.S. makers of denim cloth decided that if people preferred light blue denim, they had better start making it. The new material went into men's slacks, women's play clothes, shorts, golf skirts, windbreakers and children's play clothes. Companies like Erwin Mills, Inc. started experimenting with the idea of denim in new weights and bright colors.

The denim revolution was helped along four years ago by Fabric Designer Mary Shannon, fashion stylist for North Carolina's Cone Mills, biggest U.S. maker of denims. She showed that the cloth had unlimited fashion possibilities. The company brought out more than 50 new kinds—stripes, plaids, multicolored combinations. At the 1949 showing, Mrs. Shannon herself appeared in a tailor-made denim dress of her own design, set off delighted murmurs in the trade. By the following year such designers as Brigrance and Jane Derby had created rhinestone-studded evening dresses and town clothes of denim. One high-fashion stylist even produced a limited collection of mink-trimmed denim suits—for California, obviously.

This year men's oxford grey denim suits created such a stir that manufacturers began wondering if the men's market might not eventually outstrip women and children sales. Other new uses: denim umbrellas, knitting bags, glass cases to match costumes, fancy pants (an oriental-type knee-length women's garment for lounge wear), men's tattersall vests, women's ensembles of belts, purses and shoes. Cone Mills has 95 different shades and patterns of denim in the fall line it recently showed to buyers. Reeves, Avondale, Simatex and other mills are furiously expanding their production to try to narrow Cone's and Erwin's lead.

Their mills, which were turning out only 100 million yards of denim eight years ago, this year will produce more than 450 million yards. For the ailing U.S.

cotton industry, long ago threatened by rayon and more recently by the newer synthetics like dacron and orlon, the coronation of Cinderella denim proved that where there is a way to make homely cottons attractive there is a will to buy.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Hi-Fi. In Chicago, Magnavox Co. showed off a mass-produced, high-fidelity phonograph with four speakers. Capable of reproducing sounds up to 12,000 cycles (twice the range of most mass-produced sets), Magnavox has a three-speed record changer and an eight-tube amplifier-pre-amplifier mounted in a mahogany console cabinet. Price: about \$200.

Salmon-Skin Leather. Shoes, handbags, wallets and belts made of salmon skins will go on sale in Manhattan shoe stores this fall. Tanned by a process developed by Tidewater Laboratories, of Bellingham, Wash., salmon-skin leather looks much like cobra skin, is seven times as strong as good calfskin, and can be bleached and dyed any color.

Room Service. For the price of two telegrams, plus 5¢, Western Union will reserve hotel rooms for travelers in any U.S. city, confirm them by wire.

Express Collection. A new ground-air transit service begun by Armored Carrier Corp. will speed up the clearing of checks between distant banks, cut down clearance time between New York and California banks from a week or more to one day. Carried by commercial airliners, check consignments will be picked up and delivered by armored truck.

Stubbion Sterilizer. A new germicide that will keep surgical instruments sterile for months has been put on sale by Chicago's U.S. Movidyne Corp. Odorless, tasteless and colorless, a few drops of movidyne inside a canteen or food container will sterilize its contents for several weeks, despite repeated refills and daily washing. Price: \$9.70 a qt.

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CINEMA

Trend

Hollywood usually bets big money when a sure thing comes along. One glance at the box-office receipts of such pictures as *David and Bathsheba*, *Quo Vadis* and *Samson and Delilah* proved that Biblical pictures pay off. What's more, according to *Variety*, the Biblical, or cast-of-thousands picture, is 1) ideal for wide-screen movies, and 2) appeals to older moviegoers who have recently been staying at home with their TVs. *Variety* reported last week that 13 big Bible stories were in the works.

The Ten Commandments (Cecil B. DeMille, who made one version in 1923).

The Prodigal (M-G-M), with Ava Gardner and Vittorio Gassman.

Pilate's Wife (RKO).

Joseph and His Brethren (Louis B. Mayer).

Slaves of Babylon (Columbia).

The Story of Mary Magdalene (Columbia), with Rita Hayworth.

The Robe (20th Century-Fox), with Victor Mature.

The Story of Demetrius (20th Century-Fox); a sequel to *The Robe*.

The Egyptian (20th Century-Fox), possibly starring Marlon Brando.

The Queen of Sheba (20th Century-Fox).

The Story of Jezebel (20th Century-Fox).

Sins of Jezebel (Lippert Productions), with Paulette Goddard.

The Siren Jezebel (Allied Artists).

The New Pictures

Dangerous When Wet (M-G-M), like all cinemascopes starring Movie Mermaid Esther Williams, is at its best when it gets its leading lady into the water. Fortunately, in this film she is in the water a good deal of the time. Esther has an opportunity to display her aquabatics in an Arkansas swimming hole and in a swimming pool in a French château. She also swims the English Channel with the encouragement of a French champagne salesman (Fernando Lamas), who helpfully dives into the water from his yacht and paces her in the last lap. There are some blithe tunes by Arthur Schwartz and Johnny Mercer, and the whole thing has been briskly staged by Charles (Lili) Walters. Best sequence: an underwater dream ballet, in which Esther capers among the coral with Tom and Jerry; the animated-cartoon cat and mouse.

Houdini (Paramount) dramatizes the life of Master Magician Harry Houdini,* famed for his escapes from strait jackets, handcuffs, jail cells and locked and sealed containers of all kinds. Unfortunately, this account of the Houdini story fails to escape from the conventional, romanticized film-biography formula.

* Real name: Ehrich Weiss. He was the son of an Apolton, Wis. rabbi.

In rich Technicolor, the Houdini career is followed from struggling carnival magician to the world's best known illusionist. The movie ends with his death in 1926 at the age of 52 while he was suspended upside down in a strait jacket in a huge tank of water (actually, Houdini died in a hospital of peritonitis). Other highlights: his arrest in Germany on the charge that his act was a fraud and his acquittal after demonstrating his abilities in a courtroom; his escapes from a strait jacket while dangling from a Times Square building, from a packing case lowered into the icy Detroit River, from an "escape-proof"



CURTIS & LEIGH
One cute trick after another.

cell in the Tower of London; his attempts, after the death of his mother, to communicate with her through mediums and his subsequent campaign to expose spiritualists as fakes.

The picture makes no attempt to give away any of the secrets of Houdini's feats. In the title role, Tony Curtis is as unrevealing about Houdini the man as about Houdini the magician, hardly hinting at his dynamic personality, strength, ingenuity and resourcefulness. As Houdini's wife and assistant, Janet Leigh (Mrs. Tony Curtis in real life) is another cute trick. Together, they achieve an illusion that outdoes Houdini himself: in the good old Hollywood tradition, they grow old in the film's final sequences without perceptibly growing one bit less young and handsome.

Pickup on South Street (20th Century-Fox) is a 90-minute muscle-flexing exercise in violence. A pickpocket (Richard Widmark) slaps a former roadhouse entertainer (Jean Peters) in the teeth, knocks her out with a right to the jaw, and revives her by pouring a bottle of

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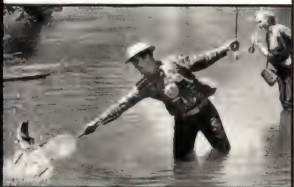
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"I think I'm sold, Bill. I'll give Chase a ring the first thing Monday morning."



"That Monday I did talk to Chase"

"Mystory was an old one to an officer in Chase's Foreign Department. He explained how Chase's overseas branches and correspondent banks provide first-hand information on local trade conditions, as well as serving as collection agents.

"I had an immediate problem: we had just received a large order from a firm in Chile, and we had no previous export experience with that country. The Chase officer quickly checked latest import and exchange regulations in Chile and outlined what steps we should take. He then got a report for us on the prospective buyer. With this information we felt secure in making the shipment and collecting on a draft basis.

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TIME, JUNE 29, 1953

beer in her face. The B-girl retaliates by conking him over the head with another beer bottle. A Communist spy (Richard Kiley) beats up and shoots the girl, hits a cop over the head with a pistol, and kills an eccentric old necktie peddler (Thelma Ritter). The pickpocket knocks out the spy by smashing his head against a wall, slugs it out with him on a subway platform and on the tracks in front of an oncoming train.

All this mayhem is brought on when the pickpocket discovers some microfilm containing military secrets in a wallet he has lifted from the B-girl's purse. By the fade-out, the pickpocket and the B-girl have found true love, and Government agents, with the pickpocket's help, have smashed a Red spy ring.

Also Showing

Scared Stiff (Hol Wallis; Paramount) is a shrill blend of speeks and slapstick set on a mysterious tropical island. While trying to help Heiress Elizabeth Scott take possession of the island, Cabaret performers Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis get tangled up with treasure-hunting mobsters and perambulating zombies. When he is not being locked in a trunk or imprisoned in a haunted castle's torture chamber, Jerry also imitates Carmen Miranda, and Dean sings (*I Don't Care If I Say Don't Shine, San Domingo*). Interesting bit players: Bing Crosby and Bob Hope. For Comedian Hope, *Scared Stiff* must seem like very old stuff. It was called *The Ghost Breakers* in 1940, when Hope played the lead in a far funnier and scarier movie version of the old (1913) stage play.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Julius Caesar, Hollywood's best Shakespeare to date; with Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud (TIME, June 1).

Strange Deception, An allegorical man-hunt with a postwar Italian setting, powerfully filmed by Novelist Curzio (*The Skin*) Malaparte (TIME, June 1).

Stalag 17, Director Billy Wilder's rowdily entertaining adaptation of the Broadway comedy-melodrama about a Nazi prison camp; with William Holden (TIME, May 18).

Mahatma Gandhi—Twentieth Century Prophet, An eloquent, full-length documentary about India's late great leader, narrated by Quentin Reynolds (TIME, May 18).

Fanfan the Tulip, A witty French spoof of the typical movie swashbuckler; with Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida (TIME, May 11).

The Juggler, Kirk Douglas as a D.P. in flight from the law and himself in a vivid chase story set in Israel (TIME, May 4).

Shane, A high-styled, Technicolored horse opera, directed by George Stevens; with Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur (TIME, April 13).

Call Me Madam, Ethel Merman spark-plugs a big, bouncy movie version of her Broadway hit musical about a diamond-in-the-rough lady ambassador (TIME, March 23).

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BOOKS

Advice from an Expert

On sale in U.S. bookstores this week is a masterfully written treatise by an experienced fisherman that is likely to be read for a long time. The author believes in using both wet and dry flies—and worms, too.

"Is it not an art," he asks in a quaint prose, "to deceive a trout with an artificial fly—a trout that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled falcon is bold?" Deceiving trout with worms is also an art, the author believes, and a sport, too. He recommends "lively, quick, stirring" earthworms fattened on cream and eggs.

Other knowledgeable tips:

¶ For salmon, "the king of fresh-water fish": a garden worm that has been anointed with the oil of ivy berries. The odor is "enough to force any fish within the smell of them to bite."

¶ For the crafty carp: rabbit *pâté* sweetened with sugar or honey.

¶ For eels: powdered beef or "gut of a hen, or almost anything, for he is a greedy fish."

¶ For fishermen: "forbear swearing, lest [you] be heard and catch no fish."

¶ For supper: eat the day's catch while it is fresh.*

As many a well-read fisherman will recognize, the author is the learned Englishman, Isaak Walton, who grew tired of the life of an ironmonger, retired to the country and took up the contemplative



VICE ADMIRAL MITSCHER ON "LEXINGTON'S" BRIDGE (1944)
For homing pilots, Chinese New Year.

J. R. Everman—LIFE

pursuits of literature and fishing. His book, *The Compleat Angler*, originally published just 300 years ago, was republished this month, following at least 200 other editions, by the Stackpole Co. of Harrisburg, Pa., a city that had not been thought of when Author Walton (1593-1683) wrote his bestseller.

Two Roads to Tokyo

NEW GUINEA AND THE MARIANAS (435 pp.)—Samuel Eliot Morison—Little, Brown (\$6).

Samuel Eliot Morison, the Navy's Boswell, has reached mid-1944 (and Vol. 8) in his projected 14-volume U.S. naval history of World War II, and the Pacific war takes on a grander sweep and a faster pace. For two years, General MacArthur's forces have been straining to break the Bismarck Barrier. In the nibbling operations in the Gilberts and Marshalls, the Marines have taken a successful but costly bite at Tarawa. Meanwhile, the Navy has been unable to engage any large part of the Japanese fleet since Midway.

Suddenly, in the four months from April through July 1944, U.S. forces take giant steps to victory. MacArthur leaps nearly 1,000 miles along the New Guinea coast to threaten the Philippines. The Navy moves into the Marianas, 3,500 miles from Pearl Harbor, strips the Japanese fleet of its air arm in a great battle off Saipan and sets up new advance bases. And the Marines and Army take Saipan, Tinian and Guam.

By 1943, says Historian Morison, there was disagreement among U.S. commanders as to the best route to Tokyo. General MacArthur "firmly believed in the one road to Tokyo, his own," along the New Guinea-Philippines axis, with the Navy in a supporting role. The Navy was convinced that "relentless pressure by sea power could defeat Japan short of invasion." The Marianas, Admiral King felt, was the logical base from which to attack Japan's

inner defenses. The Joint Chiefs of Staff ordered that both roads be taken.

On the Bird's Head. On April 22, 1944, like three streams of tracers arcing toward their targets, troops of MacArthur's 32nd, 24th and 41st Divisions landed at Aitape, Tansherab and Humboldt Bays. Their goal: three first-rate airstrips at Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea. Since the Japs had conveniently parked 340 planes, wingtip to wingtip, to be destroyed days before, mainly by General Kenney's Fifth Air Force, there was no air resistance. Bare of fighting forces, since the local Japanese commander expected to be attacked at Wewak, Hollandia proved to be a give-away. Counterattacking Jap forces at Aitape were slaughtered, and MacArthur pushed west to Wakde and Biak.

Biak was no give-away. Intelligence had placed the island's defenders at 2,000; there were actually 10,000, including crack veterans of the China campaign. Ably led and zealously fanatic, they fought for a month before they were subdued. In the meantime, MacArthur pushed on to Noemfoor and by July 31 was perched on the New Guinea bird's head at Sansapor about 600 miles from Mindanao. There Author Morison leaves him to backtrack to Admiral Spruance, "Operation Forager," and the Marianas.

Not Since North Africa. D-day at Saipan was June 15. The Navy assembled 535 combatant ships and transported 127,741 troops, more than two-thirds marines. Conducted over 1,000 miles from the nearest base, this amphibious landing was comparable, says Historian Morison, only to that of North Africa.

The 2nd and the 4th Marine Divisions landed abreast on a four-mile front, but accurate Japanese artillery, mortar and machine-gun fire made the going hot and heavy. Despite the plastering that ships' batteries and Vice Admiral Marc Mitscher's Task Force 58 planes had given the beach and the island, Japanese pillboxes and emplacements were for the most part

* Sample of the author's instructions, for preparing a 36-inch pike: Sew into the pike's belly a pound of sweet butter mixed with thyme, sweet marjoram, winter-savory, the pike's liver, pickled oysters and two or three whole anchovies, and roast over a spit, basting often with claret, anchovies and butter. When roasted to a turn, squeeze the juice of three or four oranges into the sauce in the belly and pan.



Culver

AUTHOR WALTON
For crafty carp, rabbit *pâté*.

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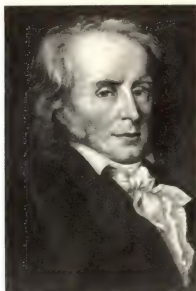
intact. Soaked radios and heavy casualties among naval liaison officers put most shore fire-control parties out of action, so that troops received little or no supporting ship-to-shore fire. By D-day's end, the 2nd Marine Division alone had lost 353 killed and 1,022 wounded. But General Saito, the island's defender, had also failed to make good his order to "destroy the enemy at the beachhead."

While this battle raged on to eventual victory some three weeks later, the Navy got the chance it had been waiting for since Midway. On that same June 15, the U.S. submarine *Flying Fish* spotted units of Vice Admiral Ozawa's mobile fleet threading their way through narrow San Bernardino Strait between Luzon and Samar. The next day, Spruance pulled most of his ships away from the Saipan beachhead to give battle. Ozawa's search planes had the U.S. fleet spotted by June 17, but Spruance and Mitscher were in the dark about Ozawa's whereabouts until they received a high-frequency, direction-finder report the next night. Dubious of the report, and fearful of a Japanese "end run" on the Saipan beachhead, Spruance vetoed Mitscher's suggestion that they steam toward Ozawa and surprise him in the morning.

The "Turkey Shoot." It was Ozawa who tried to pull the surprise. At 10:36 on the morning of June 19, 69 Zekes and Jills came roaring toward the U.S. ships. Hellcats from Task Force 58 went up to intercept. Forty-two of the attackers were knocked into the sea. At 11:39, a wave of 109 swarmed over and 94 were splashed. On the Japs' 1 p.m. raid, 40 out of 47 attackers escaped. But U.S. flyers made up for it on the fourth raid; of the 82 Japanese planes that attempted it, 73 went down with the dying rays of the afternoon sun. The greatest carrier battle of the war—the "Great Marianas Turkey Shoot"—was over. Says Morison: "The skill, initiative, and intrepid courage of the young aviators made this day one of the high points in the history of the American spirit."

Within hours, many of these same aviators owed their lives to the high humanity of their chief, "Pete" Mitscher. On June 20, having dispatched a late afternoon raid of his own on the still-stubborn Ozawa, Mitscher knew his planes would not make it back till after the quick tropical twilight. It was a pitch-black 8:45 p.m. before the first returning planes began circling the decks of TF 58, "Pete" Mitscher then made a decision that endeared him to carrier pilots forever. Heedless of enemy planes and submarines, he ordered the lights turned on. For two hours, in a crazy quilt of light that reminded one homing flyer of "a Hollywood premiere. Chinese New Year's and Fourth of July rolled into one," the planes landed. Eighty pilots, weary and out of gas, splashed into the sea, but relatively few lives were lost. The two-day score: 476 Japanese planes and 445 flyers lost, against 130 U.S. planes and 76 flyers lost.

Too Cautious? Reduced to 35 planes and minus two carriers, Ozawa hightailed it out of the Philippine Sea. Yet, since



NOVELIST CONSTANT
Life wrote an ending.

he had saved the bulk of his 55-ship fleet, Spruance and Mitscher felt small joy. Had Spruance been overly cautious? No, says Morison, he had the Saipan beachhead to think of. "Military men never get any credit for guarding against dangers that might occur yet do not; but they are quickly 'hanged' if they fail adequately to guard against dangers that do occur—witness Pearl Harbor." Moreover, Morison argues, the battle was fully as decisive as Ozawa thought it was when he radioed his fleet: "The fate of the Empire rests on this one battle."

A fleet denuded of its air groups was like a crab without claws. Saipan, Tinian and Guam were doomed. Sake-crazed and glory-minded, the Japanese made desperate banzai charges and blew themselves up with their own land mines. They paid with ten lives for every American marine and G.I. life they took. "On 12 August 1944," concludes Historian Morison proudly, "the Philippine Sea and the air over it, and the islands of Saipan, Tinian and Guam, were under American control. May they never again be relinquished!"

The Variable Constant

Cécile (125 pp.)—Benjamin Constant—New Directions (\$2.50).

Both Charlotta von Hardenberg and Madame de Staël had handsome figures, but the only other thing they had in common was Benjamin Constant. Charlotta was sweet and submissive, Madame de Staël brilliant but tyrannical. Constant couldn't make up his mind. Shuttling back and forth between them, the famed French intellectual debated for 15 years over which one he should take and which he should leave. *Cécile* is his demonstration of how variable a Constant can be.

Lost for almost a century and a half, *Cécile* (probable date: 1811) is not the novel scholars were led to believe it might be. It is an autobiographical narrative in

which only the names of the characters have been changed. Charlotta von Hardenberg is Cécile. Madame de Staël is Madame de Malbée, and Constant is the narrator.

Cécile begins as the story of a man (Narrator Constant) whose own wife has taken a lover, and who decides to fall in love himself, if he can. He meets Cécile at her home in Brunswick, and the same night, though not in love with her, writes a brilliant note saying he is. Cécile scorns him, and Constant is enraptured; he concludes that he feels "the most violent passion."

Naturally, Cécile eventually agrees to see him, and they decide that they are in love. But it is a talky affair, and Constant is cautious. Opportunities abound, but the hero fears "to chain myself" by bouncing to bed with the lady.

After 13 long years of this, Constant decides he has been a dolt and resolves to "risk all to win all." After 13 years, Cécile scarcely expects a change in tactics, and Constant knows it. Words lead to caresses, and the unsuspecting Cécile submits "as much from surprise as from rapture."

Poor Constant: he now feels as chained as he had once felt to his wife. So he goes back to his other sweetheart, Madame de Malbée. When that redoubtable woman learns about Cécile, the storm lasts all day and all night. It leaves Constant still suspended between the two women. He is too weak to escape from Madame de Malbée and too indecisive to marry Cécile.

With typical irresolution, Constant never finished *Cécile*, but life worked out an ending of sorts. Madame de Staël found a younger lover who was not so good a conversationalist. Constant married Charlotta, and thereupon fell in love with the beautiful Madame Récamier.

RECENT & READABLE

The River and the Gauntlet, by S. L. A. Marshall. An unforgettable story of the surprise and defeat of the U.S. Eighth Army on its 1950 march to the Yalu (TIME, June 11).

King George the Fifth, by Harold Nicolson. A masterful political biography of a dutiful and old-fashioned man (TIME, June 11).

7½ Cents, by Richard Bissell. Life in the Midwest as seen from a pajama factory; a sturdy original little novel by a writer who began as Mark Twain did, as a riverboat pilot (TIME, May 25).

Lost Trails, Lost Cities, by Colonel P. H. Fawcett. Absorbing memoirs of the jungles and savannas of remotest Brazil, by an explorer who failed to return from his last expedition (TIME, May 25).

The Rommel Papers. A self-portrait, from letters and campaign notes, of one of the most aggressive commanders in military history (TIME, May 18).

Go Tell It on the Mountain, by James Baldwin. An intensely written novel of life in Harlem (TIME, May 18).

The World and the West, by Arnold Toynbee. A provocative interpretation of the history of the past six centuries, capped with a venture in semi-prophecy (TIME, April 20).



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MISCELLANY

Sinner in Our Midst. In Fort Worth, while the Rev. Arizona Brisco, assistant pastor of the Rising Star Baptist Church, was waist-deep in the crowded baptismal pool, a thief made off with his trousers, wallet, \$81.

Citizens' Navy. At Newport, R.I., after a Navy Relief Society benefit "election" on the destroyer *Hale*, Gunner's Mate Arnold E. Bukovsky, the titlewinner, consoled his commanding officer after the latter ran fourth as "Grouchiest Man Aboard Ship."

Business Trip. In Gaffney, S.C., Markie Bellew, arrested for assault & battery, escaped from the county jail, hiked 20 miles to Spartanburg, returned next day with a bondsman who bailed him out for \$500.

Lineage. In Chicago, charged with draft-dodging, James Pharr, 25, failed to make his point and drew a five-year sentence after telling the court that he was exempt from service because he was related to the Neanderthal man, was therefore an alien "Asiatic."

Pilot Service. In Albuquerque, Juvenile Judge Edwin L. Swope acquitted a 12-year-old of charges of violating the teen-age curfew after he learned that the boy had gone out late to bring his mother home from a bar.

Insomniac. In Phoenix, after drilling through the door of the Parkway drugstore, a burglar passed up money and other valuables, chose three bottles of sleeping pills, disappeared into the night.

Capacity to Pay. In Davenport, Iowa, when Displaced Person Ignauy Stachal told police that he was broke and needed a place to sleep, he got a cell in the municipal jail, was politely ushered out next morning when the cops found \$1,023 in his wallet.

New Era. In Portsmouth, R.I., the town council proclaimed the end of a 53-year-old ordinance prohibiting speeds greater than 10 m.p.h. within the town's limits.

Superservice. In Washington, Ind., state officials, investigating misuse of public funds, charged that the city had been billed for \$240 worth of college courses taken by the police chief, fire chief and one patrolman, who were studying *How To Win Friends and Influence People*.

Sense of Humor. In New York City, headed for a European tour, Mrs. Virginia Roth, 25, woke up in a Manhattan hotel to find missing 1) her husband Marvin, 2) all her extra clothes, 3) \$5,700 in cash, later explained to police: "He's quite a practical joker."

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Ogden Nash

Ogden Nash
...popular American poet-humorist



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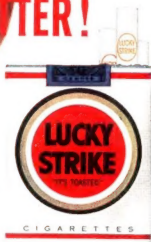
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Luckies taste better—cleaner, fresher, smoother! You can see why when you strip the paper from a Lucky by tearing down the seam.

First, you see a Lucky is *made* better,

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